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THE STOLEN STARS.

[Not many weeks ago, at a dinner, at which were present Major-General Lewis Wallace, Thomas Buchanan Read, and James E. Murdock, a conversation sprung up respecting ballads for soldiers. The General maintained that hardly one had been written suited for the camp. It was agreed that each of them should write one. The following is that by General Wallace.]

When good old Father Washington
Was just about to die
He called our Uncle Samuel
Unto his bedside nigh:
"This flag I give you, Sammy dear,"
Said Washington, said he;
"Where'er it floats, on land or wave,
My children shall be free."

And fine old Uncle Samuel
He took the flag from him,
And spread it on a long pine pole,
And prayed and sung a hymn.
A pious man was Uncle Sam
Back fifty years and more:
The flag should fly till Judgment-Day,
So, by the Lord, he swore!

And well he kept that solemn oath;
He kept it well, and more:
The thirteen stars first on the flag
Soon grew to thirty-four;
And every star bespoke a State,
Each State an empire won:
No brighter were the stars of night
Than those of Washington.

Beneath that flag two brothers dwelt;
To both 'twas very dear;
The name of one was Puritan,
The other Cavalier.
"Go build ye towns," said Uncle Sam
Unto those brothers dear;
"Build any where, for in the world
You've none but God to fear."

JOHN BURNS, THE ONLY MAN IN GETTYSBURG, PA., WHO FOUGHT AT THE BATTLE.
Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 534.]

"I'll to the South," said Cavalier,
"I'll to the South," said he;
"And I'll to the North," said Puritan—
"The North's the land for me."
Each took a flag, each left a tear
To good old Uncle Sam;
He kissed the boys, he kissed the flags,
And, doleful, sung a psalm.

And in a go-cart Puritan
His worldly goods did lay;
With wife, and gun, and dog, and axe,
He, singing, went his way.
Of buckskin was his Sunday suit,
His wife wore linsey-jeans;
And fat they grew, like porpoises,
On hoe-cake, pork, and beans.

But Cavalier a cockney was;
He talked French and Latin;
Every day he wore broadcloth,
While his wife wore satin.
He went off in a painted ship—
In glory he did go;
A thousand niggers up aloft,
A thousand down below.

The towns were built, as I've heard said;
Their likes were never seen:
They filled the North, they filled the South,
They filled the land between.
"The Lord be praised!" said Puritan;
"Bully!" said Cavalier;
"There's room and town-lots in the West,
If there isn't any here."

Out to the West they journeyed then,
And in a quarrel got;
One said 'twas his, he knew it was;
The other said 'twas not.
One drew a knife, a pistol t'other,
And dreadfully they swore:
From Northern Lake to Southern Gulf
Wild rang the wordy roar.

RESIDENCE OF JOHN BURNS, AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 534.]

And all the time good Uncle Sam
  Sat by his fireside near,
Smokin' of his kinnikinick,
  And drinkin' lager-beer.
He laughed and quaffed, and quaffed and laughed,
  Nor thought it worth his while,
Until the storm in fury burst
  On Sumter's sea-girt isle.

O'er the waves to the smoking fort,
  When came the dewy dawn,
To see the flag he looked—and lo,
  Eleven stars were gone!
"My pretty, pretty stars!" he cried,
  And down did roll a tear.
"I've got your stars, Old Fogy Sam;
  "Ha, ha!" laughed Cavalier.

"I've got your stars in my watch-fob;
  Come take them, if you dare!"
And Uncle Sam he turned away,
  Too full of wrath to swear.
"Let thunder all the drums!" he cried,
  While swelled his soul, like Mars:
"A million Northern boys I'll get
  To bring me home my stars."

And on his mare, stout Betsey Jane,
  To Northside town he flew;
The dogs they barked; the bells did ring,
  And countless bugles blew.
"My stolen stars!" cried Uncle Sam—
  "My stolen stars!" cried he.
"A million soldiers I must have
  To bring them home to me."

"Dry up your tears, good Uncle Sam;
  Dry up!" said Puritan.
"We'll bring you home your stolen stars,
  Or perish every man!"
And at the words a million rose,
  All ready for the fray;
And columns formed, like rivers deep,
  And Southward marched away.

* * * * * * *

And still old Uncle Samuel
  Sits by his fireside near,
Smokin' of his kinnikinick
  And drinkin' lager-beer;
While there's a tremble in the earth,
  A gleaming of the sky,
And the rivers stop to listen
  As the million marches by.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

THE LATE RIOT.

THE New York Riots are passing into history, and public opinion is crystallizing on the subject. It is extremely difficult to find an apologist, nowadays, for the scoundrels who murdered black men because they were black, and burned an orphan asylum because the orphans were not born—poor little creatures!—with white skins. The newspapers which fomented the riot now feebly and sneakingly squirm out of the scrape; and those which called the most ruffianly mob of the century a "procession of the people" are vigorously endeavoring to divert attention from themselves by calling their neighbors hard names. There is no one left to put forth even the faintest shadow of an excuse for the rioters but Governor Horatio Seymour.

And he does not amount to much. Blinded, like so many better men, by the dazzling vision of the White House in the distance, he has made a bid for the blackguards' vote in the shape of a couple of letters to the President, urging him to follow the example of the New York Common Council, and yield the point at issue to the thieves and murderers of New York. In several solid columns of nonpareil type does the Governor of the State strive to extenuate arson, robbery, and murder, and to nullify a statute of Congress. Of all this trash and pettifoggery the President has made short work. He disdains to follow the Governor into his petty argument about the distribution of quotas, and the party political question; but settles the controversy in these calm, crushing words:

"We are contending with an enemy who, as I understand, drives every able-bodied man he can reach into his ranks, very much as a butcher drives bullocks into a slaughter-pen. No time is wasted, no argument is used. This produces an army which will soon turn upon our now victorious soldiers already in the field, if they shall not be sustained by recruits as they should be. It produces an army with a rapidity not to be matched on our side, if we first waste time to re-experiment with the volunteer system, already deemed by Congress, and palpably, in fact, so far exhausted as to be inadequate, and then more time to obtain a court decision as to whether a law is constitutional which requires a part of those not now in the service to go to the aid of those who are already in it; and still more time to determine with absolute certainty that we get those who are to go in the precisely legal proportion to those who are not to go. My purpose is to be in my action just and constitutional, and yet practical, in performing the important duty with which I am charged, of maintaining the unity and the free principles of our common country."

We do not envy the feelings that will fill the breast of the descendants of Horatio Seymour when the time comes for the impartial historian of the war to record the part their ancestor took at its most vital crisis. It will be his duty—a duty inevitable and clear—to point out that, just as victory seemed assured to the National cause, the term of service of a large proportion of the Union troops expired, and there was no means of filling the depleted ranks of the army except by draft; that, in view of this emergency, a Conscription Act, framed with the utmost care, based upon the experience of foreign nations, and more tenderly careful of the interests of the widow, the orphan, and the helpless, than any other similar statute in existence, had been duly passed and made a law; that when the emergency arose for its execution, it was peacefully submitted to every where except in the city of New York, where it was resisted by men who testified their sense of civic duty and constitutional obligation by burning an orphan asylum, murdering negroes, robbing private individuals, and sacking private houses; and that, at this vital crisis, the Governor of New York addressed the miscreants who had done these deeds as his "friends," and actually advised the National Executive to defer to their views, and to suspend the execution of the law until the emergency had gone by, and the South had recovered from its losses and raised a new army to destroy the nation. We are not of those who regard Governor Seymour as a secret accomplice of the rebels. But we can not help thinking that the historian will have some difficulty in reconciling, on ordinary principles of human conduct, his letters to the President with his oft-repeated and mellifluous professions of loyalty.

It will be to him a satisfactory change to turn to the reports of our law courts. No man who entertains a proper sense of pride in his country can calmly brook the idea that the great Democratic party, which has ruled this country for so many years, had, at so fatal a moment, covered itself with infamy. And the historian will perceive with joy that no such idea can be sustained by the evidence. For he will find that within a month of the time when the Governor was calling the rioters his friends, and begging the President to grant them what they asked, a Democratic Recorder and a Democratic District Attorney were administering the law with inexorable severity, and securing the punishment of the ruffians who disgraced us in a most exemplary manner. Ten and fifteen years of State prison have been awarded to minor culprits; the trials have in every case been thorough, impartial, and swift; there is every reason to hope that by the time these lines are read some of the greater scoundrels—the brutal Irishmen who battered in negroes' skulls with paving stones—may be brought up for sentence, and condemned to suffer the highest penalty known to the law.

The Recorder and District Attorney are redeeming the fair fame of the city. If they continue to do their duty—and they may feel assured that they are sustained in their present course by every citizen who earns an honest living—they will command the highest station in the gift of the people of the city. Even the clients of the Archbishop are at bottom in favor of law and order, for they, too, have something to lose. In every large community scoundrels are a minority and honest men a majority. Governor Seymour has seemingly cast his lot with the former, Recorder Hoffman with the latter. The next election will tell which has made the better choice.

FINANCE.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has announced that he will continue for the present to sell six per cent. five-year bonds at par to all who apply for them. For the past four or five months the sales of these bonds have been so large as to defray the entire cost of the war; in all, about $250,000,000 have been sold—mostly through the houses of Jay, Cooke, & Co., of Philadelphia, and Fisk & Hatch, bankers, of New York. This is, we believe, the first instance in history in which the cost of a great war has been defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the people, carried by them from day to day to the fiscal agents of Government.

Mr. Chase's administration of the finances has been successful beyond all precedent, and probably beyond his own expectations. Our national credit now stands so high that he was able, the other day, to refuse an offer, made by European agents, of par for $100,000,000 of thirty-year fives. He told the applicants that he would let them have a four per cent. loan at the price, or a fifteen-year five per cent. loan. This was the best he would do.

The English, who would not buy our bonds when they were at par, and exchange at 180 or 190, thus reducing the cost of the bonds in sterling to 55 or 60, are now purchasing them freely at 106, with exchange at 138 or 139. This, however, is a less expensive operation than their venture in Confederate scrip. That they bought at 101 or 104, and thought they were doing well; now they are trying to sell it at 80 or 83, and find it hard work. A smart people!

MR. LAIRD.

THE papers are publishing a correspondence between somebody whose name is not given and Laird, the pirate ship-builder of Liverpool, from which it would appear that Laird had been requested by the Navy Department to build vessels for the United States navy.

Secretary Welles has distinctly stated that he made no such request, and authorized no one to make it for him or for the Department.

Under the circumstances we fail to see the object of publishing the correspondence. An anonymous letter can not for a moment stand against the authoritative denial of the Secretary of the Navy. And even if Laird had given his agent's name, or stated that he personally was privy to the alleged proposal, there is no reason why he should be believed. A man who will build pirate craft, in violation of the law of his own country, to prey upon the commerce of a friendly and allied nation, surely belongs to that class of persons whose evidence is inadmissible in courts of justice, except in confession of guilt for the conviction of accomplices.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LAST CRY OF CATILINE.

WHEN, before the battle of Manassas, Beauregard issued his "beauty and booty" proclamation, the derision of the country at once perceived the unmitigated Munchausen who has been ridiculous ever since. But the cold chief of the rebellion, who can not plead the ardor of Creole blood, and who, when a student at West Point, declared that he had no association with Yankees, has recently surpassed his subordinate in shameless falsehood. Davis's proclamation of the 1st August sounds like a cry wrung from despair. "Victory waits at the tips of your fingers," he cries to the men he has so long and terribly deceived; "why not stretch out your hands and seize it?" But if success were so imminent could it be necessary, in such a tone of anguish, to exhort his men to grasp it? After Bull Run, after the two Fredericksburgs, after the earlier repulses at Vicksburg and Charleston, did he summon his followers in so frantic a voice to return to their ranks and reap the golden triumph that wooed their swords? Did he enjoin fasting and prayer in view of the "inevitable" success of which he now speaks, or did he ordain thanksgiving and joy? Does Jefferson Davis suppose that any body is so silly as to believe that if, as he says, "Victory is within your reach," the men he appeals to would desert and stand sternly aloof?

But the assertions of his manifest are more atrocious than the implications are encouraging. He says that our malignant rage aims at the extermination of the rebels, their wives, and children; that we wish to destroy what we can not plunder; and that we propose to partition their homes among wretches. All this is such utter rubbish that it may be at once dismissed to the category of "beauty and booty." But when Catiline Davis proceeds to say that the Government of his country debauches an inferior race, heretofore docile and contented, by promising them the indulgence of the vilest passions as the price of their treachery, he is so sublime in mendacity that Beauregard must despair.

His statement is curious for the variety of its absurdity. This race has heretofore been docile and contented, he says. *How* contented the Journal of Mrs. Kemble and of every competent observer, and the slave laws of every slave State, show. They are docile and contented—how, then, is it possible for us to excite them to insurrection, as he alleges we are trying to do? Does he think the people of the State of New York, of the Northwest, or of New England, can be "excited to servile insurrection?" Of course not—because they *are* docile and contented; and if slaves can be so excited, it is because they are precisely *not* what he says they are. A servile people which by the sudden prospect of personal freedom can be roused to insurrection, is a people whose previous quiet is not content but hopeless subjugation. To call that hopeful prospect of personal freedom under the military superintendence of a great government "a promise of the indulgence of the vilest passions," merely illustrates the character of the system to which they have been subjected.

It is unnecessary to follow this document into other details. It is the most piercing wail that has yet risen from the black gulf of the rebellion; and when he says that the absentees from the rebel army are enough to secure the victory he predicts, it is a frank confession which betrays the dire strait in which he finds himself. If they would not rally before the late disasters of the rebel cause, are they likely to rally after? Such a result might be expected in the case of a people heroically struggling against oppression. But when a band of conspirators who aim to destroy their Government because it does *not* oppress, but enlarges liberty under law—who aim to dishonor and ruin their native land, to reverse the course of civilization, and to prevent the increase of human happiness—find that their plots miscarry, that their armies are defeated and dismayed, and that their crimes are likely to come soon to awful judgment, there is nothing left in the human heart or conscience or hand upon which they can rely. Behind them is desolation, and before them despair. If any man doubts it, let him read Davis's proclamation, which, with the urgent order of Lee, betrays how vast is the rebel military defection.

REBEL LOGIC.

MR. "VICE-PRESIDENT" STEPHENS has a happy gift of smiling under extreme difficulties. He has lately taken advantage of the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, of the opening of the Mississippi, of the advance of Rosecrans, and the defeat of Lee to declare his entire confidence in the ability of "the Confederacy" to maintain its cause. With the most airy humor the "Vice-President" said of Lee that that "great captain" had beaten the enemy upon their own soil, and was now ready to meet them "on a new field." The harder we are hit, says this encouraging leader, the more we shall succeed. And according to the gay logic of the "Vice-President," when every rebel port and city is in our hands, when the rebel armies are annihilated, and the rebel chiefs are flitting from one obscurity to another, the rebellion will triumph and "our independence" be finally secured.

Every man who wishes well to his country will hope that the Stephens view of the situation may prevail. The interest of permanent peace demands that the rebellion shall not abate a solitary pretense, for it is always easy to deal with gentlemen who will have the whole cake or none, and who are for the last ditch upon every opportunity. If the rebel leaders were less in earnest, if they despised their Northern tools less than they do, if they were not fanatics for slavery and enthusiasts for national degradation, there might be serious fear of political complications. The first rebel who cries "Let's surrender!" and can persuade his followers to listen, is the wisest man among them. But the chiefs are too vitally interested. Success has become a personal question with them; and even if they saw that in the exigency their best chance lay in submission and the demand of an amnesty, they know also that they must settle with their followers whom they have dragged through all the misery of the war.

Even if the original secession movement were intended as a *coup d'état*, as many of its leaders believed it to be, it has long ago developed into a radical revolution. The Southern politicians, who have always prided themselves upon their superior sagacity, with which also they have been fully credited at the North, began by a stupendous and fatal blunder. They counted upon the indifference or actual co-operation of the majority at the North. But they found that there was no majority and no minority, for all were practically united upon the question of union. War was the necessary consequence; and the match that was intended to light a pipe was found to have kindled a city.

The rebellion is now beyond the hands of what are called its leaders. Davis and his body-guard of conspirators are as sternly criticised by the rebels as the President and his advisers. And even if Davis and his friends could come to an understanding with Seymour and Wood and Vallandigham to submit in order to save the party predominance of those gentlemen, and to secure by intrigue the result at which the rebellion has been aiming by force, they could treat only for themselves. For although they used to control their henchmen absolutely, they have now taught them how to disobey, and have put arms into their hands. So long as the rebel leaders and followers stand together upon Mr. Stephens's platform of "final and complete separation," we shall escape the disasters of political intrigue, which are infinitely greater than those of war, while a peace will be secured which will save years of battle and rivers of blood.

YANCEY.

WILLIAM L. YANCEY is a man who will be known in our history as one of the most virulent but not one of the most able of the traitors who have conspired for the ruin of their country. He was born in South Carolina, but lived subsequently in Alabama, whither he removed after shooting his uncle. He was in Congress for several terms, and he put himself forward constantly as a leader, but he was never able to rise above the level of the typical pro-slavery politician, denouncing the "Yankees" as the source of all evils, and extolling "the South" as the parent of all excellence.

Mr. Yancey himself furnished an illustration of the absurdity of his own dogmas. Every society is truly prosperous because secure in the degree that it allows the most liberal discussion. In any truly free community whatever can not be debated ought not to be endured, because such a community is governed by public opinion, and without discussion public opinion is unenlightened. During the last Presidential canvass Mr. Yancey made a tour of the free States for the purpose of persuading the people that they had better not vote against the slaveholders upon pain of summary ruin. In States made prosperous and happy by a greater individual freedom than was ever known Mr. Yancey stood before the people to cajole and threaten them from the exercise of political rights. He was heard and endured, and sometimes applauded. But the fact that he was heard and was tolerated in free States while he advocated slavery, showed the infinitely higher political civilization of those States than that which Mr. Yancey advocated, and to which he was accustomed. To plead for liberty in those States would have cost the orator his life.

The baseness of his position was that, at the very moment he was speaking in what he called the interest of the Union, he was already a secret conspirator against it. Trained by slavery, political honor was unknown to him. He had already, two years before, written the letter in which he declared the plan by which he thought the cotton States could be "precipitated into revolution."

But although the "revolution" is in its third year, Mr. Yancey had achieved no more renown in it than he did before it began. He went to Europe as an emissary to make the thing look respectable, but soon returned disheartened. Since then he has been ex officio, as a "Senator," one of the ring-leaders of the rebellion. But his name was never heard. His influence has nowhere appeared. Like Toombs, Wigfall, Rhett, Spratt, Keitt, and Orr, his sole distinction is that he hated his country, because his country loved liberty.

INTELLIGENT PATIENCE.

THE general feeling of final success at Charleston is an indication of the progress of our education in war. When hostilities began what could not be done at once, and decisively, seemed to us unlikely to be done at all; and when the first effort failed, we were inclined to despond and to believe all efforts useless. But we have learned that war is a slow process, and General Grant has taught us that a sagacious soldier is helped by his failures. He tried Vicksburg in every way. His operations had lasted so long that the natural question was, how then *can* he do it? And his masterly method of success, although obvious if practicable, had not even seemed to be possible until it was proved.

Charleston has been an equally hard nut to

crack. There have been two distinct movements upon that city, one by land and one by water. Both failed; and now, combining the two forces, it is clearly with General Gilmore but a question of time. The brilliant and heroic assault of the 18th July, in which we were foiled, although desperate and sadly fatal, has been to the Commanding General and to the rest of us a lesson. But it has not in the least impaired the courage of the soldiers, nor affected public confidence in the result. The general conviction that we have learned how to make war, and mean to make it, so fully satisfies the national mind, that even a repulse so serious as that at Fort Wagner does not seriously affect the most sensitive of meters, the stock list. With Banks in Louisiana, and Grant upon the Mississippi, with Rosecrans in Tennessee, Gilmore at Charleston, and Meade in Virginia, we know that our armies are in the hands of the most competent and resolute commanders; men who have proved that they know how to fight and how to use victory; men who have shown the earnestness of their convictions as well as the fidelity of their patriotism; men who wish to conquer not only peace, but peace that shall secure the national honor, and compensate America and the world for this fearful but holy war.

PEACE-MAKERS.

Whenever, as at this moment, the prospects of the rebellion are profoundly gloomy, we must expect that the tone of the Copperheads will be correspondingly defiant. For, discomfited within its own lines, the only hope of the conspiracy will be the prospect of serious division within ours.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the rebels at the South should be told by those at the North that Governor Seymour has sworn, by his sacred word and honor, that no citizen shall be "kidnapped" by "Abolitionist howlers" until the constitutionality of the Conscription act shall have been tested by the New York courts. If Mr. Horatio Seymour has made any such pledge, he has planted himself squarely upon the South Carolina nullification platform of thirty years ago—that the State authorities are competent to annul the National legislation, and that a State may release a citizen of the United States from his allegiance. But as the United States is engaged in a formidable war to refute this theory in some States, it is hardly likely to assent to it in others. If Mr. Seymour has made any such pledge, and means to try to redeem it, he is going to try to plunge the State of New York into Jefferson Davis's rebellion.

That is precisely what the rebels wish; and it is to cheer them with the hope that it is so, or that there is a large faction which wishes it were so, that the announcement is made in the Copperhead journals. Of course, the amiable papers that thus seek to begin the battle in all the towns and cities of the North are those that lament most loudly over this "wicked," "cruel," "fratricidal" war, and who assiduously proclaim their desire of "peace." By their fruits ye shall know them.

ABOUT "AN OPEN LETTER."

The *Jewish Messenger* of this city, "A Jew" who writes to us from Cincinnati, and "S. A. S.," a gentlemanly correspondent in Philadelphia, complain that "an open letter" in our issue for Aug. 1 is an insult to the Jewish citizens of this country.

But how can a charge against an individual and those who are like him be construed into an attack upon those who are not like him? Why should the person to whom the Lounger speaks be erected into a representative of other persons, who are neither mentioned nor implied? The fact of a different religion in the disloyal citizen to whom the letter was written, like that of his foreign birth, is mentioned to show his entire divergence from the stream of civilization in this country.

The editor of the *Messenger*, and "A Jew," and "S. A. S." are informed that the letter was not addressed to an imaginary person; that it tells the truth of the individual to whom it was written, and of "the thousands like him," which is a form of expression for the very many like him who are known to the Lounger. If they are unknown to his correspondent and to the *Messenger*, their ignorance does not authorize them to charge the letter upon the Lounger as an insult to loyal citizens of the Jewish faith, who are known to the Lounger quite as well as they are to any one.

Unless, therefore, the *Jewish Messenger* can establish that the statements made of his own knowledge by the Lounger in "an open letter" are, as the paper declares, "ungentlemanly and shameful," and unless "A Jew" can substantiate his assumption that a letter speaking of mercenary, and selfish, and disloyal citizens of the Jewish faith is an insult to all of that religion, the Lounger requires of them both a frank acknowledgment of their haste and injustice.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

A wag in New Orleans heads a letter to this paper: "From a New Orleans Union man," and then proceeds to remark, "Its politics suits not the spirit of the Confederate sympathizers, or rather, I should say, the full-blooded Southerner." To which we should say, probably not.

The "New Orleans Union man" continues:

"The downfall of the once glorious American Union is fast hastening to decay; and soon will the prophetic words of Daniel Webster, of Henry Clay, of Calhoun be verefied; and verily believe that the destruction of this once great Republic will be as complete as was the Destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem by Titus the Roman Emperor. Methinks I see it now, and when it shall come, woe shall befall the authors of the Destruction of the ship of state.

"Old Gabe's carrear is coming to a close, but methinks he shall never seek the quet of domestic life. When his time comes, as it surely will come, his long loggerhead containing those puritanical brains which are unfit to drive a baker's cart, instead of guiding the helm of the nation will be desected from his body, then there shall be real disunion. There is a storm brewing, and when it burst forth it shall blow a mighty Hurricane. The Despots at Washington may well tremble with fear, for they shall be hurled to H—l, where Old Nick is only fit to take charge of them."

This is the kind of "Union man" that our loyal friends, the Copperheads, wish to send representatives to Congress. And it is for his strict and faithful dealings with such men that the same authorities call General Butler "a beast."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

The real sympathy of the Copperhead journals is occasionally betrayed in the most amusing and unexpected manner. When the late riots, arsons, and massacres took place in the city of New York, these papers gravely called them "movements of the people," "popular uprisings," etc., with the intention of cheering the rebels with the hope of a counter-insurrection at the North, and of sustaining the faith of foreigners that our country was ruined. The late arrivals bring the comments of the London press upon the mobs. The London *Times*, the most venomous and furious of all our English enemies, speaks in the exact strain of the Copperheads. That open, notorious, and desperate foe of our Government and of free institutions uses the same terms which the more stealthy abettors of the rebellion use in New York and elsewhere, and says that "the people are expressing their disgust at the war," etc.

The *Times* has learned by this time—what its allies, the Copperheads, learned a month ago—that the murderers, incendiaries, and ruffians of the city of New York are not "the people;" while the identity of comment upon the riots reveals the perfect sympathy between the critics.

"OUR BLACK ARMY."

A calm, elaborate, and careful paper upon "Our Black Army," in the Philadelphia *North American*, signed "Kent," is unquestionably written by Sidney George Fisher, whose work upon the "Trial of the Constitution" has been already discussed in these columns. The paper is the more important as coming from one who has not been known as an Abolitionist, but whose views upon the subject of race would certainly provoke the hearty disapproval of the whole body known by that name.

But the cause of civil liberty and order is the cause of man. Dealing, therefore, with the facts of the war, "Kent" pierces and exposes the shining sophistries of those who profess to be loyal to the Government but a little more loyal to Slavery; and shows conclusively that the war has, and necessarily, developed into a war on the part of the white race for the guarantees of civil society, and upon that of the black for personal liberty. He pricks the pretended argument of the demagogue who insists that we must fight the rebels "moderately; and carry the sword in one hand and slavery and conciliation in the other," by the simple truth. "These words being translated mean, 'If you arm the negroes you will destroy slavery. What hope, then, will there be of restoring the old alliance between Slavery and the Democratic party—of restoring the Union as it was?'" Common sense answers, None at all.

"Kent" says truly of the slaves, "They have no hope or interest in this war that should induce them to wish success to the North, except deliverance from Slavery." That, then, must be the motive to which we appeal. Freedom must be the black soldier's bounty. Do we hope for their aid by promising the restoration of a Union which would hopelessly enslave them forever? Do we expect men to fight valorously to bind chains upon themselves?

"We are fighting," says our author, "for an empire; they wish to fight the same battle for freedom. We are fighting that we may have a government worthy of the name, able to protect us in our civil and political rights; they ask to be permitted to fight in the vague and uncertain hope that they may be regarded as men, and not as merchandise; that they may henceforth belong to themselves, and not be bred for sale and bought and sold like the beasts of the field. Is not their purpose and hope as lofty as ours? Let us then fight side by side in this war." That is what every loyal man should bear in mind. If our Government has any value, it is in its protection of personal rights. And if, for the purpose of establishing that guarantee for the many, the rights of some persons were not secured, who will not thank God that the price of the perpetuity of the Government is the protection of the rights of every man subject to it? The heart, the conscience, and the brain of the country no longer differ upon this point.

A JEST.

There is something charmingly *naive* in the proposition that after the battle of Yorktown General Washington ought to have called Benedict Arnold into his councils and followed his advice. But we have been lately entertained with something quite as good. For now that the Mississippi is opened—that Lee is defeated—that Rosecrans is looking for Bragg—that the interior lines are cut—that the means of communication are destroyed—and that the military reduction of the rebellion begins to appear—a feeler is put forth to the effect that our foreign relations are so threatening that the Government is about to abandon the policy and the advice under which it has been successful, and intends to ask the friends and allies of the rebellion to direct public affairs!

Papers and people who have persistently published their faith that the Administration is imbecile naturally print and solemnly believe this waggery. Loyal citizens who believe their Government to be both sensible and earnest smile and wait.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

General Burnside has ordered that no permits whatever shall be granted to visit the prisoners confined at Camp Morton and Camp Chase, Ohio, whether officers or privates.

The United States steam frigate *Hartford*, from New Orleans, with the gallant Admiral Farragut in command, arrived at this port on 10th inst.

The report of General Hurlbut's resignation is premature. General Halleck declines to accept it, and General Hurlbut therefore remains in command of the Sixteenth Army Corps.

General George B. M'Clellan and family (says the Sag Harbor (Long Island) *Corrector* of the 8th instant) arrived in town on Thursday, *en route* for Easthampton, where the General proposes passing a few days, seeking the quietude and retiracy of our island home.

Acting-Master Robert Taw has been detached from the receiving-ship *North Carolina* and ordered to the command of the gun-boat *Queen*, at Boston. Mr. Taw was taken prisoner on board the *I. P. Smith*, at Stono Inlet, South Carolina, by the rebels. After a short confinement at Richmond he was exchanged.

Marine Corps.—Captain E. M'Donald Reynolds sailed in the *Arago* on 1st to join the *Wabash* in the South Atlantic squadron.

Captain William L. Shuttleworth, First Lieutenant George P. Housten, Second Lieutenant Edward C. Saltmarsh, and Second Lieutenant Kingman Flint sailed in the *Union* on the 6th inst., to relieve the officers at the Pensacola Navy-yard.

Second Lieutenant Bishop is ordered to command the guard of the United States ship *Vermont* at Port Royal. He sailed in the *Union*.

Captain P. R. Fendall has been ordered to the Portsmouth Navy-yard.

First Lieutenant William H. Carter has been ordered to report for duty at the New York Navy-yard.

First Lieutenant Frank Munroe has been ordered to join the *Roanoke*.

First Lieutenant Richard S. Collum has been ordered to the naval dépôt at Cairo, Illinois.

Commander Woodsworth has been ordered to the command of the *Narragansett*.

Brigadier-General W. W. Orme, of General Herron's command, had arrived in New Orleans.

It will gratify the friends of the late Brigadier-General George C. Strong to know that President Lincoln has forwarded to the wife of the lamented officer a Major-General's commission, bearing the date of the battle on Morris Island in which he received his fatal wound.

General Blair left St. Louis for Washington on 6th. General Thayer with his Staff reached St. Louis on 7th. General Steele was at Memphis on the way North on 3d, and General A. P. Hovey was in Cleveland, Ohio, on 1st.

General Robert H. Milroy is to be tried by a military general court-martial for an offense specified in an order of the General-in-Chief. General Halleck has detailed officers to constitute the court.

Lieutenant E. Walter West, of General Heintzelman's Staff, has been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-third New Jersey regiment, now being organized.

The rumors of the resignation of General Meade have been the subject of much comment at Washington, and speculation is rife as to who will be his successor. It is said that the general choice of all officers is General Governeur K. Warren, recently promoted Major-General, as General M'Clellan can not be reinstated to the position. Next to General M'Clellan and General Warren the choice of the army would be General N. P. Banks.

Since the first of last February, Colonel Wilder, of Rosecrans's army, has been twenty-eight times through the rebel lines, and taken 1157 prisoners, about 4000 horses, and a small army of slaves. In the last expedition he took about 600 prisoners, 800 horses, and 250 slaves, killed ten guerrillas, and mortally wounded Colonel Gant. He lost one man, private Stewart, of the 17th Indiana. He has hung five and shot fifteen rebels, including a second lieutenant, caught with our uniform on, in accordance with the orders of General Rosecrans. Wilder is chief of the famous mounted infantry.

Major-General Sickles and Staff arrived at Saratoga on 11th.

A Cincinnati dispatch announces that General Burnside arrived in Lexington, Kentucky, on 10th, and that the movement of troops in that direction is very active.

Lieutenant Commander Cilley has been ordered to the command of the *Unadilla*.

Admiral David D. Porter has been granted a two months' leave of absence, after his protracted labors, and will visit the North as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements for the management of the Mississippi fleet during his absence.

The appointment of Colonel Lee, of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment, as Provost Marshal of the Department of North Carolina, and of Captain Chat. D. Sanford, of the same regiment, as Provost Marshal of Newbern, gives universal satisfaction, and secures justice and tranquillity to all.

Colonel Briggs, the chief Quarter-master of North Carolina, leaves in a day or two for Fortress Monroe, where he will establish his head-quarters.

Viscount Michalowski, formerly of Battery K, First Regiment United States Artillery, has been placed in command of Battery I of the same regiment. The Viscount has distinguished himself upon several occasions by his gallantry, and will doubtless raise for his new command (Kirby's old battery) fresh laurels.

General Buford, the popular cavalry commander, left Washington for Kentucky on 11th on a short furlough, the first he has taken for several years. A portion of his staff have also been granted a furlough.

Captain Amasa Paine, U.S.N., died in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 27th ult. He entered the navy in 1822 as a midshipman. In the first 24 years of his naval life he was 14 years at sea. When the law of 1855 established the reserved list Commander Paine, like other officers of high merit, was placed upon it, on the ground, apparently, of health temporarily impaired; but he was subsequently promoted to a Captaincy, and at the commencement of the war was placed on duty at Boston.

Surgeon J. L. Teed is ordered to report to General Rosecrans.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The advices from the front of the Potomac army do not indicate any operations at present. Our lines extend as far as Stafford Court House and Aquia Creek The enemy's pickets still extend along the south side of the Rappahannock. A portion of General Longstreet's army is undoubtedly in Fredericksburg. The railroad between that point and Aquia Creek has been torn up to a considerable extent, and the whole country between the Rappahannock and the Potomac has been desolated. Deserters from the rebel army are coming into our lines in large numbers, and it is said that the mountains are filled with men in open rebellion against the conscription of Jeff Davis.

RECONNOISSANCE ON THE JAMES RIVER.

Correspondents with the James River fleet report an important reconnoissance by General Foster on the 4th inst. up the James River, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the rebels in that quarter. The fleet went within six miles of Fort Darling. The boats were fired upon from the banks at different points where the enemy had batteries planted. The *Commodore Barney* came into collision with a torpedo, which lifted her out of the water and started her guards ten inches, but did little permanent damage.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

According to the St. Louis *Union*, the position of the Army of the Cumberland is, at present, at Tullahoma and Winchester—places about seventeen miles apart. Tullahoma is held by General Johnson's division. General Rosecrans's head-quarters are in Mary Sharp College, at Winchester. General M'Cook's corps is at that place. General Jeff C. Davis is in command of the post. General Thomas's corps is at Decherd, four miles from Winchester. General Crittenden's occupies Manchester, Hillsboro, M'Minnville, and Stephenson. The position of Bragg's army is not, and can not be given. The larger part is probably at Chattanooga, fortifying that place, with the design of holding that position until he is driven out. Bragg's is, perhaps, the worst shattered and demoralized army in the field. Desertions, disease, retreats, and hardships have made it but the wreck of its former self, and there is little probability of its offering any considerable resistance to Rosecrans, even if he were to attempt to march through Georgia to Savannah.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

The latest news from Charleston is to 5th inst. Every thing goes on bravely. The position of General Gilmore on Morris Island is stronger and safer than ever. The morale and confidence of the troops are unexampled. Although the rebels keep pouring in shell from forts Wagner, Sumter, and other fortifications, the protection to our troops is so complete that our casualties for many days past are hardly worth noticing. On the night of the 4th Captain L. S. Paine, of the One Hundredth New York Volunteers, with a detachment of his men, while on a scout near Light-house Creek, was captured by the rebels, with all his men. The new *Ironsides* participated with immense vim in the cannonade on Fort Wagner on Sunday week, and finally silenced the rebel guns. The firing was terrific throughout the day between the *Ottawa*, a Monitor, the *Ironsides*, our works on Morris Island, and the rebel forts Wagner, Johnson, Sumter, and Moultrie.

OUR ARMY IN ARKANSAS.

Advices from the Mississippi Valley, by the way of Cairo, inform us that measures are on foot to clear the entire territory west of the river of rebels. Gen. Davidson is said to be marching down the centre of Arkansas, having been entirely successful in several encounters with the enemy. The people of Jacksonport are alarmed at his appearance, and flying before him. Another expedition is also hinted at, the results of which must be of much importance.

WHEREABOUTS OF JOE JOHNSTON.

General Joe Johnston's army is at Enterprise and Brandon, under the direct command of General Hardee. Most of the rebel force at the former place are said to be ready to move at a moment's notice. General Johnston himself went to Mobile on the 27th, and is reported to have returned to Mississippi again, after a thorough examination of the defenses and resources of Mobile.

STARVATION IN TENNESSEE.

Parties from Middle Tennessee represent the condition of the people as horrible; in fact, in a state of absolute starvation.

RETALIATION.

The President is determined to carry into force his recent order relative to the retaliation upon prisoners of war. He has ordered that three prisoners from South Carolina shall be held in close confinement as hostages for three negro seamen captured on the gun-boat *Isaac Smith*, and who are now in prison at Charleston. All other prisoners, whether white or black, treated by the enemy in a manner not applicable to prisoners of war, will be equally represented by Southern men in our hands as those here referred to. Mr. Lincoln is determined that negroes in the military and naval service shall be regarded on the same terms as white men.

AN APPEAL FROM JEFF DAVIS.

Jeff Davis has issued an urgent appeal to Confederate officers and soldiers to return immediately to their various camps and corps. He complains of a want of alacrity on the part of all classes in coming forward in this most dismal hour of the South.

RECREANT REBELS.

The Mobile *News* complains dismally of the want of patriotism in the people of Alabama and Mississippi. It calls them bastard Southerners and recreant Confederates; says that they have gone stark mad, and that many reports of their conduct are too horrible to be published.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

Thomas E. Bramlette has just been elected to the executive chair of Kentucky probably by twenty-five thousand majority.

He will take the seat to which Beriah Magoffin was chosen, four years ago, by the following vote:

Beriah Magoffin, democrat	76,187
Joshua F. Bell, opposition	67,271
Democratic majority	8,916

—And it is confidently expected that he will fill the place with more honor to the State and to himself than did his elected predecessor.

A MOUNTED FORCE FOR KENTUCKY.

General Rosseau is at Washington by authority of General Rosecrans, renewing his suggestion, made last fall, to raise a mounted infantry and cavalry force to operate against the guerrillas in Kentucky and Tennessee. It is proposed to raise twelve or fifteen thousand men, which force he thinks will be sufficient to rid those States of armed rebels, and to prevent in future plundering forays.

A STATE ELECTION IN TENNESSEE.

The Nashville *Union* is officially authorized to state that Governor Johnson purposes issuing writs of election for a Legislature at the very earliest practicable day; that is, when the progress of military operations is such that loyal citizens can go to the polls in safety, and when sympathizers with the rebellion will no longer dare, backed by the presence of Confederate troops, and by guerrilla terrorism, to control the policy of the State.

MORE VESSELS BURNED BY THE "ALABAMA."

The ships *Talisman*, from New York, bound for Shanghai, and the *Conrad*, from Montevideo to New York, were both destroyed by the pirate *Alabama*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The following are the extracts which refer to our war:

The civil war between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union still unfortunately continued, and is necessarily attended with much evil, not only to the contending parties, but also to nations which have taken no part in the conflict. Her Majesty, however, has seen no reason to depart from the strict neutrality which her Majesty has observed from the beginning of the contest.

* * * *

My Lords and Gentlemen,—The distress which the civil war in America has inflicted on a portion of Her Majesty's subjects in the manufacturing districts, and toward the relief of which such generous and munificent contributions have been made, has in some degree diminished, and Her Majesty has given her cordial consent to measures calculated to have a beneficial influence upon that unfortunate state of things.

* * * * * * *

POLAND.

THE REBELLION.

In a late encounter with the Russian troops the Poles were successful. The proclamation of the Polish National Government rejects all compromises not based on a recognition of the independence of the kingdom. Prince Gortschakoff, in replying to the note of Austria, expresses surprise at the position assumed by that Government, and thinks that Russia, Austria, and Prussia should act in accord.

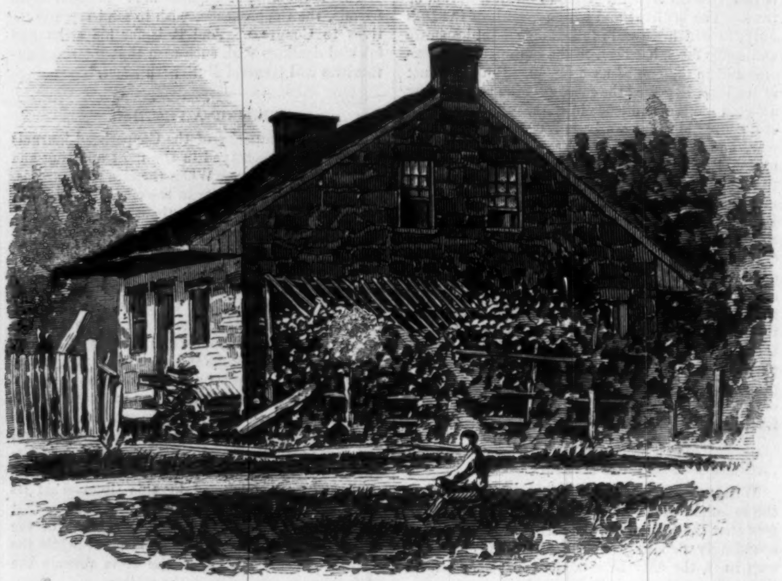
MEXICO.

GENERAL FOREY'S PLANS.

Marshal Forey, in an official report, says that he is occupied in forming a Provisional Government in Mexico from men of moderate views belonging to all parties.

VIEWS OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

GENERAL MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



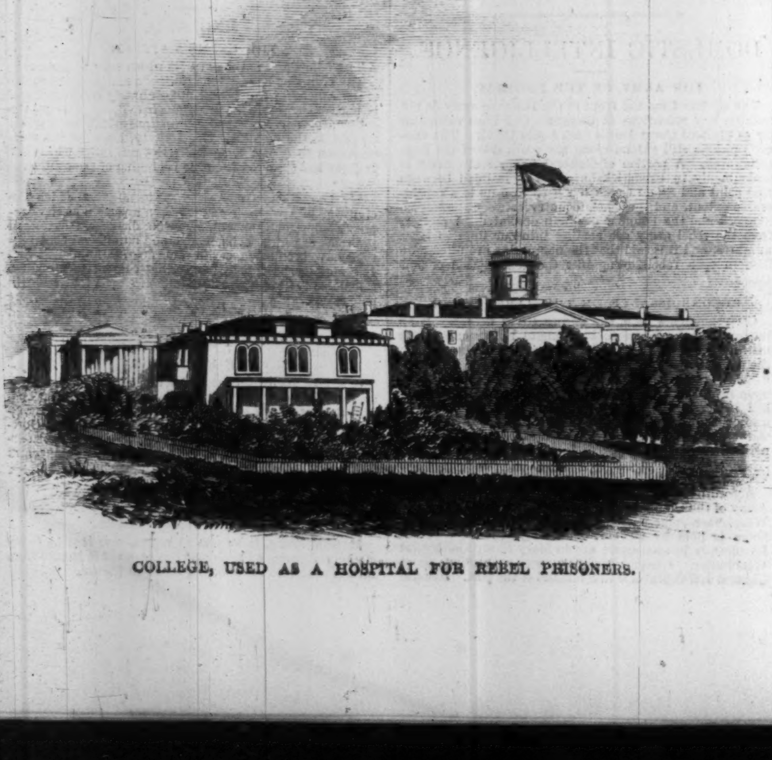
GENERAL LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

WHEAT-FIELD IN WHICH GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS SHOT.

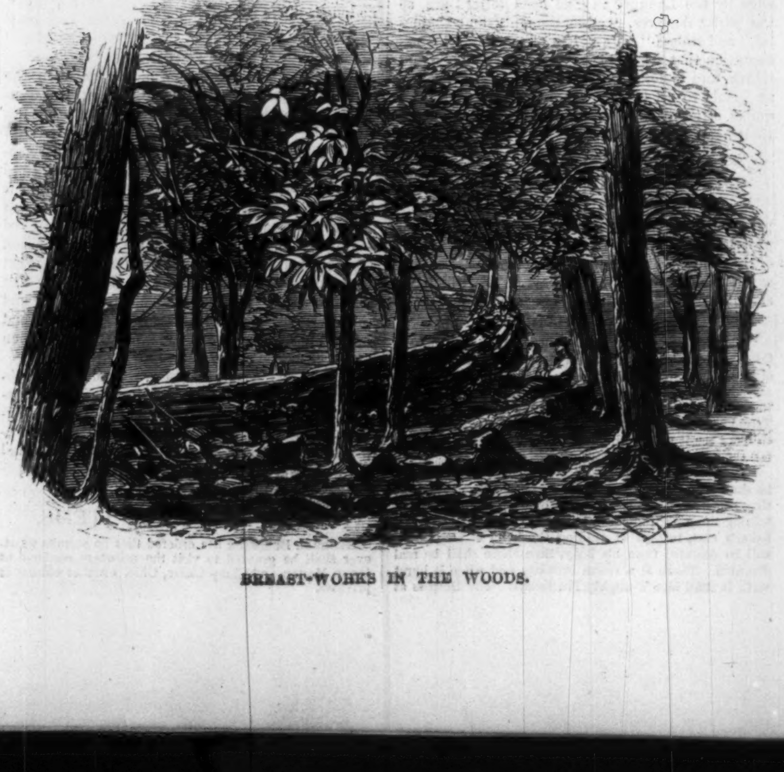
ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY.

BARN IN WHICH REYNOLDS DIED.

WOODS ON THE RIGHT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.



COLLEGE, USED AS A HOSPITAL FOR REBEL PRISONERS.



BREAST-WORKS IN THE WOODS.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE ADVANCE OF THE TWELFTH CORPS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—Sketched by an Officer.—[See Page

GENERAL VIEW OF GETTYSBURG, FROM THE WEST.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 534.]

REMINISCENCES OF GETTYSBURG.

MR. BRADY, the photographer, to whose industry and energy we are indebted for many of the most reliable pictures of the war, has been to the Gettysburg battle-field, and executed a number of photographs of what he saw there. We reproduce some of these pictures on pages 529, 532, and 533.

One of them shows us the old man JOHN BURNS, the only citizen of Gettysburg who shouldered his rifle and went out to do battle in the Union ranks against the enemies of his country. The old man made his appearance in a uniform which he had worn in the last war, but he fought as stoutly as any young man in the army. Honor to his name! Old BURNS's house is there too, a memorial in its way of the fight: from its condition it looks as though it would not be very likely to remain many years as an object of curiosity.

Other pictures are the HEAD-QUARTERS of General LEE and General MEADE near the battle-field; modest, unpretending farm-houses in themselves, but destined hereafter to be as famous and as great an object of curiosity to travelers as the barn and mill at Waterloo. Elsewhere we see the rough breast-works thrown up in the woods behind which the troops crouched to repel the enemy's charges, with the trees above and around them scarred and furrowed every where by round shot, shell, and rifle-ball.

The large VIEW OF GETTYSBURG FROM THE WEST will give the beholder a general idea of the field of battle—a great valley well adapted for the movements of infantry and artillery. Mountains in the back-ground explain why the cavalry could not pursue very far. We have details as well. There is the GATE OF THE CEMETERY, which was the scene of more than one fierce conflict, and where hundreds of Union men and rebels fell side by side; THE COLLEGE, which our troops used as a hospital after the battle; THE WHEAT-FIELD IN WHICH GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS SHOT, and THE BARN to which he was carried, and where he breathed his last moments, etc.

Coupled with these interesting pictures we give, on page 533, an illustration of THE CROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK BY THE ADVANCE OF THE TWELFTH ARMY CORPS IN PURSUIT OF LEE. Intelligence of this movement is contraband, and the author of our sketch warns us to be careful to disclose no facts which may be useful to the enemy. We therefore let the picture speak for itself.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LONG before this open rupture Jane Hardie had asked her father, sorrowfully, whether she was to discontinue her intimacy with the Dodds; she thought of course he would say "Yes," and it cost her a hard struggle between inclination and filial duty to raise the question. But Mr. Hardie was anxious her friendship with that family should continue; it furnished a channel of news, and in case of detection might be useful to avert or soften hostilities; so he answered rather sharply, "On no account: the Dodds are an estimable family; pray be as friendly with them as ever you can." Jane colored with pleasure at this most unexpected reply: but her wakeful conscience reminded her this answer was given in ignorance of her attachment to Edward Dodd; and urged her to confession. But at that Nature recoiled: Edward had not openly declared his love to her; so modest pride, as well as modest shame, combined with female cowardice to hold back the avowal.

So then Miss Tender Conscience tormented herself; and recorded the struggle in her diary; but briefly, and in terms vague and typical; not a word about "a young man"—or "crossed in love"—but one obscure and hasty slap at the carnal affections, and a good deal about "the saints in prison," and "the battle of Armageddon."

Yet, to do her justice, laxity of expression did not act upon her conduct and warp that, as it does most mystical speakers'.

To obey her father to the letter, she maintained a friendly correspondence with Julia Dodd, exchanging letters daily: but, not to disobey him in the spirit, she ceased to visit Albion Villa. Thus she avoided Edward, and extracted from the situation the utmost self-denial, and the least possible amount of "carnal pleasure," as she naïvely denominated an interchange of worldly affection, however distant and respectful.

One day she happened to mention her diary, and say it was a present comfort to her, and instructive to review. Julia, catching at every straw of consolation, said she would keep one too, and asked a sight of Jane's for a model. "No, dear friend," said Jane: "a diary should be one's self on paper."

This was fortunate: it precluded that servile imitation, in which her sex excels even mine; and consequently the two records reflect two good girls, instead of one in two skins; and may be trusted to conduct this narrative forward, and relieve its monotony a little: only of course the reader must not expect to see the plot of a story carried minutely out, in two crude compositions written with an object so distinct: he must watch for glimpses and make the most of indications. Nor is this an excessive demand upon his intelligence; for, if he can not do this with a book, how will he do it in real life, where male and female characters reveal their true selves by glimpses only, and the gravest and most dramatic events give the diviner so few and faint signs of their coming?

Extracts from Julia Dodd's Diary:

"Dec. 5th. It is all over; they have taken papa away to an asylum: and the house is like a grave, but for our outbursts of sorrow. Just before he went away the medal came—oh no, I can not. Poor, poor mamma!

8 P.M. In the midst of our affliction Heaven sent us a ray of comfort: the kindest letter from a lady, a perfect stranger. It *came* yesterday; but now I have got it to copy: oh, bless it; and the good, kind writer.

DEAR MADAM,—I scarcely know whether to hope or to fear that your good husband may have mentioned my name to you; however, he is just the man to pass over both my misbehavior and his own gallantry; so I beg permission to introduce myself. I and my little boy were passengers by the *Agra*; I was spoiled by a long residence in India, and gave your husband sore trouble by resisting discipline, refusing to put out my light at nine o'clock, and in short by being an unreasonable woman, or rather a spoiled child. Well, all my little attempts at a feud failed; Captain Dodd did his duty, and kept his temper provokingly. The only revenge he took was a noble one; he jumped into the sea after my darling Freddy, and saved him from a watery grave, and his mother from madness or death; yet he was himself hardly recovered from a wound he had received in defending us all against pirates. Need I say more to one who is herself a mother? You will know how our little misunderstanding ended after that. As soon as we were friends, I made him talk of his family; yourself, Edward, Julia, I seem to know you all.

When the ruffian, who succeeded our good captain, had wrecked poor us, and then deserted us, your husband resumed the command, and saved Freddy and me once more by his courage, his wonderful coolness, and his skill. Since then the mouse has been at work for the lion: I despair of conveying any pleasure by it to a character so elevated as Captain Dodd; his reward must be his own conscience; but we poor little women like external shows, do we not? and so I thought a medal of the Humane Society might give some pleasure to you and Miss Dodd. Never did medal nor order repose on a nobler heart. The case was so strong, and so well supported, that the society did not hesitate: and you will receive it very soon after this.

You will be surprised, dear Madam, at all this from a stranger to yourself, and will perhaps set it down to a wish to intrude on your acquaintance. Well then, dear Madam, you will not be far wrong. I *should* like much to know one, whose character I already seem acquainted with; and to convey personally my gratitude and admiration of your husband, I could pour it out more freely to you, you know, than to him.

I am,
Dear Madam,
Yours very faithfully,
LOUISA BERESFORD.

And the medal came about an hour before the fly to take him away. His dear name was on it, and his brave courageous acts.

Oh, shall I ever be old enough and hard enough to speak of this without stopping to cry?

We fastened it round his dear neck with a ribbon. Mamma would put it inside his clothes for fear the silver should tempt some wretch: I should never have thought of that: is there a creature so base? And we told the men how he had gained it (they were servants of the asylum), and we showed them how brave and good he was, and would be again if they would be kind to him and cure him. And mamma bribed them with money to use him kindly: I thought they would be offended and refuse it: but they took it, and their faces showed she was wiser than I am. *He* keeps away from us too. It is nearly a fortnight now."

"Dec. 7th. Aunt Eve left to-day. Mamma kept her room and could not speak to her: can not forgive her interfering between papa and her. It does seem strange that any one but mamma should be able to send papa out of the house, and to such a place; but it is the law: and Edward, who is all good sense, says it was necessary; he says mamma is unjust: grief makes her unreasonable. I don't know who is in the right: and I don't much care: but I know I am sorry for Aunt Eve, and very, very sorry for mamma."

"Dec. 8th. I am an egotist: found myself out this morning; and it is a good thing to keep a diary. It* was overpowered at first by grief for mamma: but now the house is sad and quiet I am always thinking of *him*; and that is egotism.

Why *does* he stay away so? I almost wish I could think it was coldness or diminished affection; for I fear something worse; something to make *him* wretched. Those dreadful words papa spoke before he was afflicted! words I will never put on paper; but they ring in my ears still; they appall me; and then found at their very door! Ah, and I knew I *should* find him near that house. And now he keeps away."

Dec. 9th. All day trying to comfort mamma. She made a great effort and wrote to Mrs. Beresford."

POOR MAMMA'S LETTER.

"DEAR MADAM,—Your kind and valued letter reached us in deep affliction: and I am little able to reply to you as you deserve. My poor husband is very ill; so ill that he no longer remembers the past, neither the brave acts that have won him your esteem, nor even the face of his loving and unhappy wife, who now thanks you with many tears for your sweet letter. Heart-broken as my children and I are, we yet derive some consolation from it. We have tied the medal round his neck, Madam, and thank you far more than we can find words to express.

"In conclusion, I pray Heaven that, in your bitterest hour, you may find the consolation you have administered to us: no, no, I pray you may never, never stand in such need of comfort.

I am,
Dear Madam,
Yours gratefully and sincerely,
LUCY DODD."

"Dec. 10th, Sunday. At St. Anne's in the morning. Tried hard to apply the sermon. He spoke of griefs, but *so* coldly; surely he never felt one; *he* was not there. Mem.: always pray against wandering thoughts on entering church."

"Dec. 11th. A diary is a dreadful thing. Every thing must go down now, and, among the rest, that the poor are selfish. I could not interest one of mine in mamma's sorrows; no, they must run back to their own little sordid troubles, about money and things. I was so provoked with Mrs. Jackson (she owes mamma so much) that I left her hastily: and that was Impatience. I had a mind to go back to her; but would not; and that was Pride. Where is my Christianity?

A kind letter from Jane Hardie. But no word of *him*."

"Dec. 12th. To-day Edward told me plump I must not go on taking things out of the house for the poor: mamma gave me the reason. 'We are poor ourselves, thanks to——' And then she stopped. Does she suspect? How can she? She did not hear those two dreadful words of papa's? They are like two arrows in my heart. And so we are poor: she says we have scarcely any thing to live upon after paying the two hundred and fifty pounds a year for papa."

"Dec. 13th. A comforting letter from Jane. She sends me Hebrews xii. 11, and says, 'Let us take a part of the Bible, and read two chapters prayerfully, at the same hour of the day: will ten o'clock in the morning suit you? and, if so, will you choose where to begin?' I will, sweet friend, I will: and then, though some cruel mystery keeps us apart, our souls will be together over the sacred page, as I hope they will one day be together in heaven; yours will at any rate. Wrote back, yes, and a thousand thanks, and should like to begin with the Psalms: they are sorrowful, and so are we. And I must pray not to think too much of *him*.

If every thing is to be put down one does, I cried long and bitterly to find I had written that I must pray to God against *him*."

"Dec. 14th. It is plain he never means to come again. Mamma says nothing, but that is out of pity for me; I have not read her dear face all these years for nothing. She is beginning to think him unworthy, when she thinks of him at all. There is a mystery; a dreadful mystery: may he not be as mystified too, and perhaps tortured like me with doubts and suspicions? they say he is pale and dejected. Poor thing! But then oh why not come to me and say so? Shall I write to him? No, I will cut my hand off sooner."

"Dec. 16th. A blessed letter from Jane. She says 'Letter-writing on ordinary subjects is a sad waste of time and very unpardonable among His people.' And so it is; and my weak hope, daily disappointed, that there may be something in her letter, only shows how inferior I am to my beloved friend. She says 'I should like to fix another hour for us two to meet at the Throne together: will five o'clock suit you? we dine at six: but I am never more than half an hour dressing.'

The friendship of this saint, and her bright example, is what Heaven sends me in infinite mercy and goodness to soothe my aching heart a little: for *him* I shall never see again.

I have seen him this very evening.

It was a beautiful night: I went to look at —the world to come I call it—for I believe the redeemed are to inhabit those very stars hereafter, and visit them all in turn—and this world I now find is a world of sorrow and disappointment—so I went on the balcony to look at a better one: and oh it seemed so holy, so calm, so pure, that heavenly world: I gazed and stretched my hands toward it for ever so little of its holiness and purity; and, that moment, I heard a sigh. I looked, and there stood a gentleman just outside our gate, and it was *him*. I nearly screamed, and my heart beat so. He did not see me: for I had come out softly, and his poor head was down, down upon his breast; and he used to carry it so high, a little, little while ago; too high some said; but not I. I looked, and my misgivings melted away; it flashed on me as if one of those stars had written it with its own light in my heart—'There stands Grief; not Guilt.' And before I knew what I was about I had whispered 'Alfred!' The poor boy started, and ran toward me: but stopped short and sighed again. My heart yearned: but it was not for me to make advances to him, after his unkindness: so I spoke to him as coldly as ever I could, and I said 'You are unhappy.'

He looked up to me, and then I saw even by that light that he is enduring a bitter, bitter struggle: *so* pale, *so* worn, *so* dragged! Now how many times have I cried, this last month? more than in all the rest of my life a great deal. 'Unhappy!' he said; 'I must be a contemptible thing if I was not unhappy.' And then he asked me should not I despise him if he was happy. I did not answer that: but I asked him why he was unhappy. And when I had, I was half frightened: for he never evades a question the least bit.

He held his head higher still, and said, 'I am unhappy because I can not see the path of honor!'

Then I babbled something, I forget what: then he went on like this—ah, I never forget what *he* says—he said Cicero says Æquitas ipsa lucet per se; something significat* something else: and he repeated it slowly for me, he knows I know a little Latin; and told me that was as much as to say 'Justice is so clear a thing, that whoever hesitates must be on the road of wrong. And yet,' he said, bitterly, '*I* hesitate and doubt, in a matter of right and wrong, like an Academic philosopher weighing and balancing mere speculative straws.' Those were his very words. 'And so,' said he, 'I am miserable; deserving to be miserable.'

Then I ventured to remind him that he, and I, and all Christian souls, had a resource not known to heathen philosophers, however able. And I said, 'dear Alfred, when I am in doubt and difficulty, I go and pray to Him to guide me aright: have you done so?' No, that had never occurred to him; but he *would*, if I made a point of it; and at any rate he could not go on in this way; I should soon see him again, and, once his mind was made up, no shrinking from mere consequences, he promised me. Then we bade one another good-night, and he went off holding his head as proudly as he used: and poor silly me fluttered, and nearly hysterical, as soon as I quite lost sight of him."

"Dec. 17th. At church in the morning: a good sermon. Notes and analysis. In the evening Jane's clergyman preached. She came. Going out I asked her a question about what we had heard; but she did not answer me. At parting she told me she made a rule not to speak coming from church, not even about the sermon. This seemed austere to poor me. But of course she is right. Oh, that I was like her."

"Dec. 18th. Edward is coming out. This boy, that one has taught all the French, all the dancing, and nearly all the Latin he knows, turns out to be one's superior, infinitely; I mean in practical good sense. Mamma had taken her pearls to the jeweler and borrowed two hundred pounds. He found this out and objected. She told him a part of it was required to keep him at Oxford. 'Oh indeed,' said he; and we thought of course there was an end: but next morning he was off before breakfast, and the day after he returned from Oxford with his caution money, forty pounds, and gave it mamma; she had forgotten all about it. And he had taken his name off the college books and left the university forever. The poor, gentle, tears of mortification ran down his mother's cheeks, and I hung round her neck, and scolded him like a vixen; as I am. We might have spared tears and fury both, for he is neither to be melted nor irritated by poor little us. He kissed us and coaxed us like a superior being, and set to work in his quiet, sober, ponderous way, and proved us a couple of fools to our entire satisfaction, and that without an unkind word; for he is as gentle as a lamb, and as strong as ten thousand elephants. He took the money back and brought the pearls home again, and he has written 'SOYEZ DE VOTRE SIÈCLE' in great large letters, and has pasted it on all our three bedroom doors, inside. And he has been all these years quietly cutting up the *Morning Advertiser*, and arranging the slips with wonderful skill and method. He calls it 'digesting the *'Tiser!*' and you can't ask for any *modern* information, great or small, but he'll find you something about it in this digest. Such a folio! It takes a man to open and shut it. And he means to be a sort of little papa in this house, and mamma means to let him. And indeed it is *so* sweet to be commanded; besides it saves thinking for one's self; and that *is* such a worry."

"Dec. 19th. Yes, they have settled it; we are to leave here, and live in lodgings to save servants. How we are to exist even so, mamma can not see; but Edward can; he says we two have got popular talents, and *he knows the markets* (what does that mean, I wonder), and the world in general. I asked him wherever he picked it up, his knowledge; he said, 'In the *'Tiser*.' I asked him would he leave the place where *she* lives. He looked sad, but said, 'Yes; for the good of us all,' so he is better than I am; but who is not? I wasted an imploring look on him; but not on mamma; she looked back to me, and then said sadly, 'Wait a few days, Edward, for—*my* sake.' That meant for poor credulous Julia's, who still believes in him. My sweet mother!"

"Dec. 21st. Told mamma to-day I would go for a governess, to help her, since we are all ruined. She kissed me and trembled; but she did not say 'No;' so it will come to that. He will be sorry. When I do go, I think I shall find courage to send him a line: just to say I am sure *he* is not to blame for withdrawing. Indeed how could I ever marry a man whose father I have heard my father call—" (the pen was drawn through the rest).

"Dec. 22d. A miserable day: low-spirited and hysterical. We are really going away. Edward has begun to make packing-cases: I stood over him and sighed, and asked him questions: he said he was going to take unfurnished rooms in London, send up what furniture is absolutely necessary, and sell the rest by auction, with the lease of our dear, dear house, where we were all so happy once. So, what with 'his knowledge of the markets and the world,' and his sense, and his strong will, we have only to submit. And then he is so kind, too; 'don't cry, little girl,' he said. 'Not but what I could turn on the waters myself if there was any thing to be gained by it. *Shall* I cry, Ju,' said he, 'or shall I whistle? I think I'll whistle.' And he whistled a tune right through, while he worked with a heart as sick as my own, perhaps. Poor Edward!"

"Dec. 23d. My Christian friend has her griefs too. But then *she* puts them to profit: she says

* Egotism. The abstract quality evolved from the concrete term egotist by feminine art, without the aid from grammar.

* Dubitatio cogitationem significat injuriæ.

to-day, 'We are both tasting the same flesh-crucifying but soul-profiting experience.' Her every word is a rebuke to me: torn at this solemn season of the year with earthly passions. Went down after reading her letter and played and sang the Gloria in excelsis, of Pergolesi, with all my soul. And, on repeating it, burst out crying in the middle. Oh, shame! shame!"

"Dec. 24th. Edward started for London at five in the morning to take a place for us. The servants were next told, and received warning; the one we had the poorest opinion of, she is such a flirt, cried, and begged mamma to let her share our fallen fortunes, and said she could cook a little and would do her best. I kissed her violently, and quite forgot I was a young lady till she herself reminded me; and she looked frightened at mamma. But mamma only smiled through her tears, and said, 'Think of it quietly, Sarah, before you commit yourself.'"

I am now sitting in my own room, cold as a stone: for I have packed up some things: so the first step is actually taken. Oh if I but knew that he was happy! Then I could endure any thing. But how can I think so? Well, I will go, and never tell a soul what I suspect. And he can not tell, even if he knows: for it is his father. Jane, too, avoids all mention of her own father and brother more than is natural. Oh, if I could only be a child again!

Regrets are vain; I will cease even to record them; these diaries feed one's selfishness, and the unfortunate passion, that will make me a bad daughter and an ungrateful soldier of Him who was born as to-morrow: to your knees, false Christian! to your knees!

I am calmer now; and feel resigned to the will of Heaven; or benumbed; or something. I will pack this box and then go down and comfort my mother; and visit my poor people, perhaps for the last time: ah me!

A knock at the street door! His knock! I know every echo of his hand, and his foot. Where is my composure now? I flutter like a bird. I will not go down. He will think I love him so.

At least I will wait till he has nearly gone.

Elizabeth has come to say I am wanted in the drawing-room.

So I *must* go down whether I like or no.

Bedtime. Oh, that I had the pen of a writer to record the scene I have witnessed, worthily. When I came in, I found mamma and him both seated in dead silence. He rose and looked at me and I at him: and years seemed to have rolled over his face since last I saw it; I was obliged to turn my head away; I courtesied to him distantly, and may Heaven forgive me for that: and we sat down, and presently turned round and all looked at one another like the ghosts of the happy creatures we once were all together.

Then Alfred began, not in his old imperative voice, but scarce above a whisper; and oh the words such as none but himself in the wide world would have spoken—I love him better than ever; I pity him; I adore him; he is a scholar; he is a chevalier; he is the soul of honor; he is the most unfortunate and proudest gentleman beneath the sun; oh, my darling! my darling!!

He said: 'Mrs. Dodd, and you, Miss Dodd, whom I loved before I lost the right to ask you to be mine, and whom I shall love to the last hour of my miserable existence, I am come to explain my own conduct to you, and to do you an act of simple justice, too long delayed. To begin with myself, you must know that my understanding is of the Academic School; I incline to weigh proofs before I make up my mind. But then I differ from that school in this, that I can not think myself to an eternal stand-still (such an expression! but what does that matter, it was *his*); I am a man of action: in Hamlet's place I should have either turned my ghost into ridicule, or my uncle into a ghost; so I kept away from you while in doubt: but, now I doubt no longer, I take my line; ladies, you have been swindled out of a large sum of money.'

My blood ran cold at these words. Surely nothing on earth but a man could say this right out like that.

Mamma and I looked at one another; and what did I see in her face, for the first time? Why that she had her suspicions too, and had been keeping them from me. Pitying angel!

He went on: 'Captain Dodd brought home several thousand pounds?'

Mamma said 'Yes.' And I think she was going to say how much, but he stopped her and made her write the amount in an envelope, while he took another and wrote in it with his pencil; he took both envelopes to me, and asked me to read them out in turn: I did; and mamma's said fourteen thousand pou[n]ds: and his said fourteen thousand pounds. [M]amma looked such a look at me.

Then he turned to me: 'Miss Dodd, do you remember that nigh[t] you and I met at Richard Hardie's door? W[ell], scarce five minutes before that, your father w[a]s standing on our lawn and called to the man, [w]ho was my father, in a loud voice—it rings in [my] ears now—'Hardie! Villain! give me b[ack] my money, my fourteen thousand pounds! [gi]ve me my children's money, or may yo[u]r chil[dren] die before your eyes.' Ah, you wince to he[ar] me whisper these dreadful words: what, if [you] had been where I was, and heard them spok[en], and in a terrible voice; the voice of Despair [—]the voice of Truth! Soon a window opened [ca]utiously, and a voice whispered, 'Hush! I'll bring it you down.' And *this* voice was the voice of fear, of dishonesty, and of Richard Hardie.'

He turned deadly white when he said this, and I cried to mamma, 'Oh, stop him! stop him!' And she said, 'Alfred, think what you are saying. Why do you tell us what we had better never know?' He answered directly,

'Because it is the truth: and because I loathe injustice. Some time afterward I taxed Mr. Richard Hardie with this fourteen thousand pounds: and his face betrayed him. I taxed his clerk, Skinner: and Skinner's face betrayed him: and he fled the town that very night.'

My mother looked much distressed and said, 'To what end do you raise this pitiable subject? Your father is a bankrupt, and we but suffer with the rest.'

'No, no,' said he, 'I have looked through the bankrupt's books, and there is no mention of the sum. And then who brought Captain Dodd here? Skinner: and Skinner is his detected confederate. It is clear to me poor Captain Dodd trusted that sum to *us*, before he had the fit: beyond this all is conjecture.'

Mamma looked at me again and said, 'What *am* I to do; or say?'

I screamed, 'Do nothing, say nothing: oh pray, pray make him hold his tongue, and let the vile money go. It is not *his* fault.'

'Do?' said the obstinate creature: 'why, tell Edward, and let him employ a sharp attorney: you have a supple antagonist, and a daring one. Need I say I have tried persuasion, and even bribes: but he defies me. Set an attorney on him; or the police. Fiat Justitia, ruat cœlum.' I put both hands out to him and burst out, 'Oh, Alfred, why did you tell? A son expose his own father? For shame! for shame! I have suspected it all long ago: but *I* would never have told.'

He started a little; but said, 'Miss Dodd, you were very generous to me; but that is not exactly a reason why I should be a cur to you; and an accomplice in a theft, by which you suffer. I have no pretensions to religion like my sister: so I can't afford to tamper with plain right and wrong. What, look calmly on and see one man defraud another? I can't do it. See *you* defrauded? you, Mrs. Dodd, for whom I profess affection and friendship? You, Miss Dodd, for whom I profess love and constancy? Stand and see you swindled into poverty? No: I'll be damm'd if I do. Of what do you think I am made? My stomach rises against it, my blood boils against it, my flesh creeps at it, my soul loathes it:' then after this great burst he seemed to turn *so* feeble: 'oh,' said he, faltering, 'I know what I have done; I have signed the death-warrant of our love, dear to me as life. But I can't help it. Oh Julia, Julia, my lost love, you can never look on me again; you must not love a man you can not marry, Cheat Hardie's wretched son. But what could I do? Fate offers me but the miserable choice of desolation or cowardly rascality. I choose desolation. And I mean to stand by my choice like a man. So good-by, ladies.'

The poor proud creature rose from his seat, and bowed stiffly and haughtily to us both, and was going away without another word, and, I do believe, forever. But his soul had been too great for his body; his poor lips turned pale, and he staggered; and would have fallen, but mamma screamed to me, and she he loves so dearly, and abandons so cruelly, woke from a stupor of despair, and flew and caught him fainting in these arms."

STRATEGY.

The night set in sullenly, almost without a twilight between it and the dismal day; and the clouds, all day long pressing close upon the dank earth as if to shut out all chance of sunshine, began to drop down in a raw shivering mist that would have done credit to November, and fully justified the fire burning in the library hearth of Courtenay House, even though the month did style itself July. By the window a still figure in black looked steadily out at dripping boughs and trickling eaves, and by the fire lounged a man of thirty, with a good head, handsome eyes, an excellent development of chest and shoulders, and the air of a gentleman: so much was apparent. Whether he was also possessed of heart and brains seemed not so easy to determine, as he lay there looking into the fire.

Neither of these thinkers by any chance looked at the other, and you could plainly hear the tick of the bronze clock in the drawing-room, and the tap of a little slipper on the polished stairs, as some one came, singing,

"Mais tout se tait dans la demeure,
La brise seule—"

And one might have thought that the singer herself was the breeze from the rush and rustle with which she came over the flags of the hall to the library.

"Come, Victor."

"Where?"

"La belle idée! to Sophie Marvin's reception."

"I told you that I should not go."

"But you must. There is such a dearth of gentlemen here. I promised Sophie that you should come."

"Then my fair cousin exceeded her powers, and must pay the penalty. I shall spend the evening with Mrs. Courtenay"—glancing shyly toward the still figure at the window.

Edith shrugged her shoulders.

"Please don't be absurd."

"One can't help one's nature."

Miss Courtenay might as well have spared her arguments from the first; for under all this idle seeming lurked a purpose, and from his boyhood up Victor Brittan had never yet wavered in a purpose.

Six weeks before he had showed himself at Courtenay House, worn, wan, and still on crutches, scarce yet safe out of the jaws of Death, who had been hard after him, first in the battle, and then through weeks of delirium in the hospital wards. Some blunderer had returned his name in the list of killed, and his aunt, Mrs. Courtenay, and cousin, Edith, met him in their mourning-dresses. Imagine the joyful stir and tumult. The old house went beside itself. The children, the servants even, crowded about him. The only thing outside of all this rejoicing was a frozen figure in widow's weeds—Mrs. Lois Courtenay, widow of Edith's elder brother, Herbert.

Herbert Courtenay had sowed his wild oats, contracted a mésalliance (that is, married the daughter of a poor clergyman), and died early. This was his widow, whom Victor might scarcely have remembered again had he not chanced to see her transfigured, lips parted, eyes all aglow, and at their deepest blue, every feature lighted, she all the while fancying herself unseen in her shadowy corner as she listened to his eager talk. His eyes met hers, held them for a moment, still brimming with soft light; then down came the white eyelids, the ripe lips closed firmly, color, meaning, glow, died away into her usual stony quiet.

Since then Victor had watched and waited patiently for another apotheosis of this stone into a beautiful woman, and, as destiny thus far had not seen fit to gratify him, resolved that evening to take destiny into his own hands.

The night closed in fairly. Every scrap of twilight was gone, yet still Lois Courtenay sat at the window. Edith and her mother had driven off some moments since; for the way was long, and at M—— they kept early hours. Victor rose and took a turn or two across the room; then stopped near the window.

"Mrs. Courtenay, I have a whim. Let us sup here in cozy home-fashion. That huge dining-room is uncanny on a night like this."

As if receiving an order, Lois got up and, without answering, touched the bell. By her direction the servants brought in a table—an old-fashioned thing, round and claw-legged; the very one in his mind. She herself laid the cloth, set out china and silver, with soft sweeping movements, deft firm fingers; and it was a marvel how, while divining and executing the very spirit of his thought, she yet contrived to exclude from it all seeming of spontaneity.

Victor sat watching her, biting his lips and raging inwardly; but on a sudden was heard a voice of lamentation — Madge Courtenay mourning for Aunty Lois, and refusing to be comforted. She had gotten out of her bed and toddled down stairs, and would listen neither to reason nor the nurse. Lois put out the nurse, shut the door, and, taking the little puss on her lap, administered tea-spoonfuls of tea and noiseless kisses. Victor, seeing that, closed his eyes, and after a while drew one or two labored sleeping breaths. Seeing that, Lois began to coo and murmur to the child, and straightway Madge grew riotous for a story.

"Tell you a story? Not I," quoth Lois, merrily. "I am going to play Wolf and eat you. You are the daintiest morsel that Wolf Lois ever tasted." And with a premonitory gnashing of teeth, and three or four ferocious growls in feminine bass, the full red lips seized on Madge's white cheeks, then on her rounded shoulders, under her chin, even on the little blue-veined feet kicking in the air, amidst giggles and wild clawing of fat fingers; these presently got entangled in the widow's cap, broke the strings, and pulled it off. At that Madge shrieked with glee, and Victor took occasion to open his eyes. Lois drew herself up, half terrified, half vexed, and stretched out her hand for the cap that Madge had tossed on the table. Victor seized it.

"Please don't."

"What?"

"Freeze up again. Don't you know we are cousins?"

"In law."

"Herbert and I were school-mates," went on Victor, coaxingly. "For the sake of old times I should be glad to show some little kindness to his widow."

"You are very good."

"No, I am selfish. I think we should like each other."

"Won't you give me my cap?"

"Why should you wear that ugly thing?"

"Please give it me."

She was half-wrathful half-amused. Victor took Madge, gave her to nurse *vi et armis*, closed the door, and came back and sat down by Mrs. Courtenay.

"I am serious. This cap is an emblem of your moral state. You perversely keep it on; you perversely make a sort of moral Simeon Stylites of yourself, and hurt yourself and others. If you ask by what right I dare say this, I answer by the right given every man to wage war against an evil or an error, wherever he may find it."

"You do not know."

"I do. Your mother and sister-in-law don't love you. They can't forgive you Herbert's love, and your poverty. Is that a reason for shutting out all good and genial things from your life?"

Suddenly Victor spied something sparkling in the light. A bright tear rolling down either cheek.

"I have been a brute," he said, penitently.

"No, you are only too kind."

"When I have made you cry with my lecturing?"

"Because you cared enough to lecture. Every one else has been content to take me as a petrifaction."

"It is understood then?"

"What is understood?"

"That on Wednesday you go with me to drive."

"I have said nothing of the sort."

"You will go?"

"It is quite impossible."

"Why?"

"Because—" she hesitated. Reasons were abundant, but not easily expressed.

"Why?" repeated Victor.

"It will not be best."

"What audacity! I am your physician, and expect to be obeyed. I consider that you have said Yes."

Lois Courtenay was a woman of a strong will, and though Victor confounded her by his audacity he did not conquer her.

"I am not a child, or to be treated as one," she answered. "What should I do driving out with you?"

"Then you are really in dread? Tyranny has broken your spirit?"

"Do I look timid?"

"Or you dislike to go with me? Even sea-breeze and bright sky can't make me tolerable."

"That is unkind."

"I profess I can see no other reason. There has been no special commandment that Lois Courtenay shall never drive on the beach? You are your own mistress; I control my own fortunes. You must find me utterly detestable?"

"If you think that I will go."

"Say I will go, Victor. You observe that I call you Lois?"

"Good-night."

"Here is your cap," and Victor took the hand put out to receive it into his own a moment, then went to bed triumphant.

Lois professed courage, but if truth must be told she quaked inwardly. Edith's sneer was not more endurable because familiar; and had not Victor been inexorable she would after all have relinquished the ride. Once out of the house, however, and its shadow off her heart, she bloomed out into genial enjoyment of the rare pleasure, into pleasant laughter, wise and sweet sayings, and a hundred arch and winning ways, not a little charming to Victor who had hardly expected so complete a metamorphosis. This was her humor on the way out. Coming back she began to sadden.

"Take care," said Victor, "you are beginning to petrify."

She answered him with a wan smile that troubled and haunted him. He could not translate it till later on, when he found that she glided past him like a ghost, evaded him like a shadow—avoided him not for one day or two, but persistently and at all times—he began to comprehend that this poor chilled nature had learned in frost and darkness to be afraid of sunshine. Then he came out openly; left his aunt and Edith to pout, and sought her at all times. Lois received him with coldness and monosyllables; they revenged themselves after the fashion of Pharaoh; gave her bricks to make without straw.

Grown desperate, he sent her a line by Madge.

"What is my offense?"

The answer came swiftly back,

"You have not offended; but have you never heard how the torture of one condemned to die of thirst is heightened by a highly seasoned banquet? My thirst is sufficiently intense. I prefer lenten diet."

Victor took the note out with him into quiet and cool air, read, re-read it, and decided. Coming back he found Edith and her mother red, ruffled, angry, and exclaiming. Edith had just added the last straw of provocation to the back of the camel Patience, and much-enduring Lois had turned at last, flashed out a few brief sentences, and was preparing to leave the house.

"She says that she can support herself by teaching," said Edith, bitterly, "as if we were not already sufficiently disgraced by her alliance!"

Victor's cheek burned at that, but he wisely held his peace, and contented himself with sending for Lois.

"I hear that you are a rebel," was Victor's salutation. "You know that I have a commission to arrest such wherever found."

"I don't acknowledge your authority, Captain Brittan."

"And you will really go out alone into the world?"

"No; I have been alone. I shall have hope with me now."

"What can one so weak as you do in the press and throng?"

"What other weak ones have done."

"That is, suffer and die, poor child! and you look joyous over it! You have no regrets?"

"None."

"None? you will miss no one here?"

Lois colored a little under the earnest look.

"Yes, little Madge."

"And that is all?"

"You, perhaps, a little."

"A little, and perhaps! You will remember a week or two and then—but I need not ask. You have shunned me carefully enough here."

Lois was silent.

"May I ever come and see you?"

"Victor!"

"Well, you hate me, do you not?"

"Now, you are hypocritical."

"Pardon. It is you. Why treat me with such coldness if you have any kindly feeling for me?"

"Are you so blind? Do you not see that now I lead a life of self-communion, self-dependence, and find in myself all my earthly hope and resource? If you had drawn me as you wished into your life, to find comfort, rest, sympathy, happiness there, made of me a thing, clinging and dependent, how much blacker had been the darkness, how much more utter the desolation, when, as must have been sooner or later, I was thrust back into the life I now lead!"

"Where is the need?"

"You see it now."

"No."

Lois cast a quick, startled look at Victor and began to tremble; perhaps at something that she saw in him.

"Why," he repeated, "Why not find rest with me now and forever? Be my wife, Lois. I love you very dearly."

Lois turned away her face, but did not withhold her hand. After a moment,

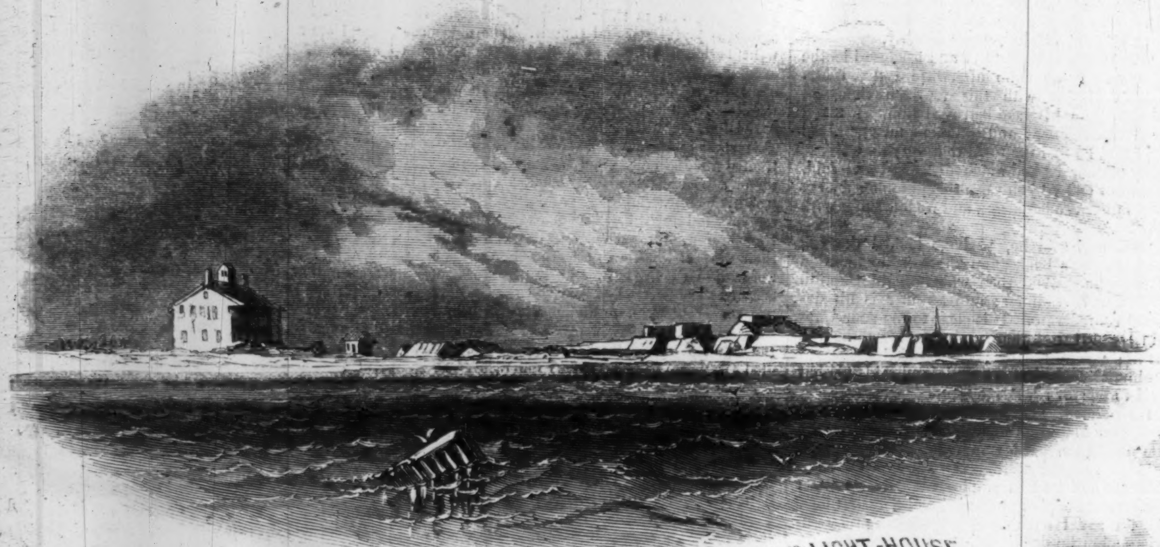
"That was why"—she began, and stopped.

"Well."

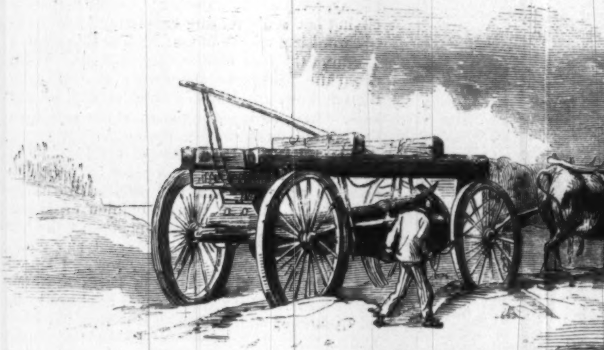
"I shunned you."

"Because I loved you?"

"No; because I loved you."

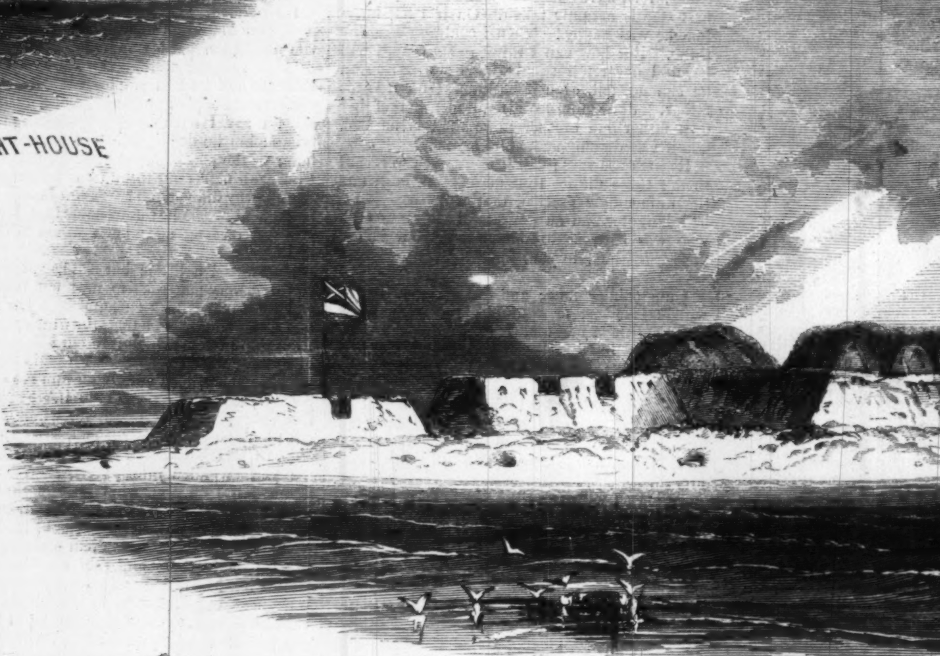


ADVANCED WORKS OF GEN. GILMORE AND OLD LIGHT-HOUSE

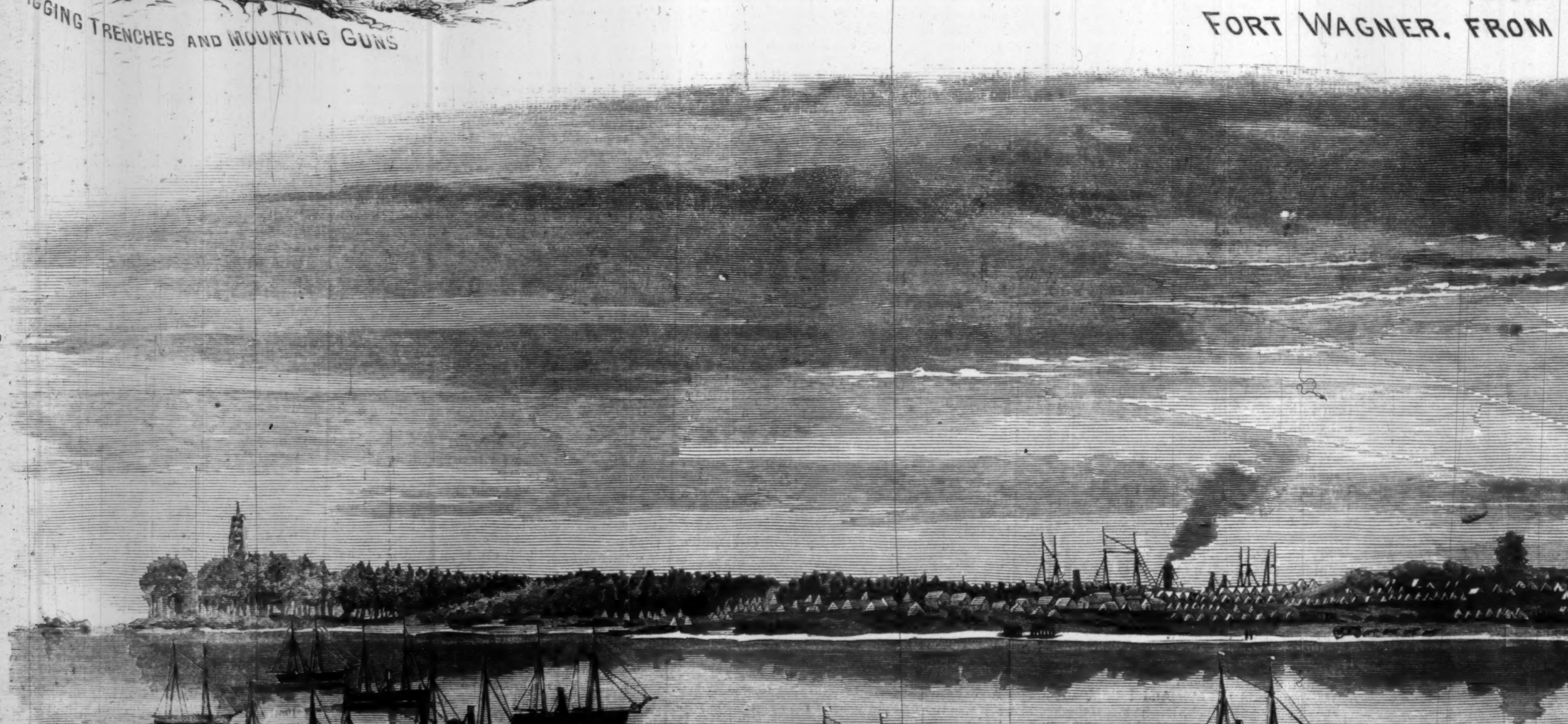


HAULING SIEGE

DIGGING TRENCHES AND MOUNTING GUNS



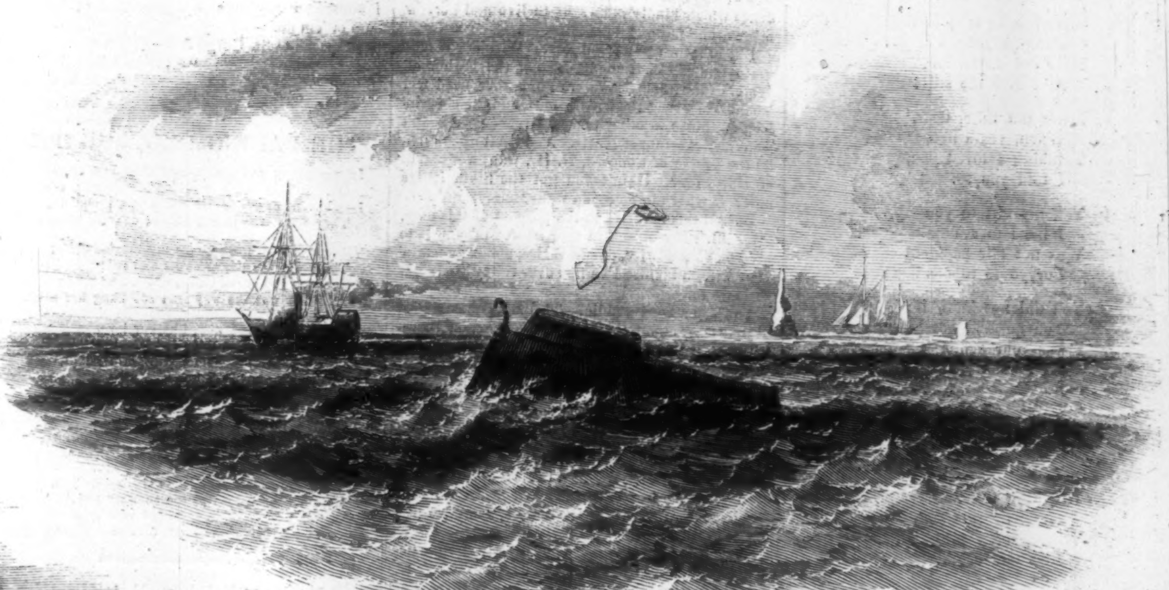
FORT WAGNER, FROM



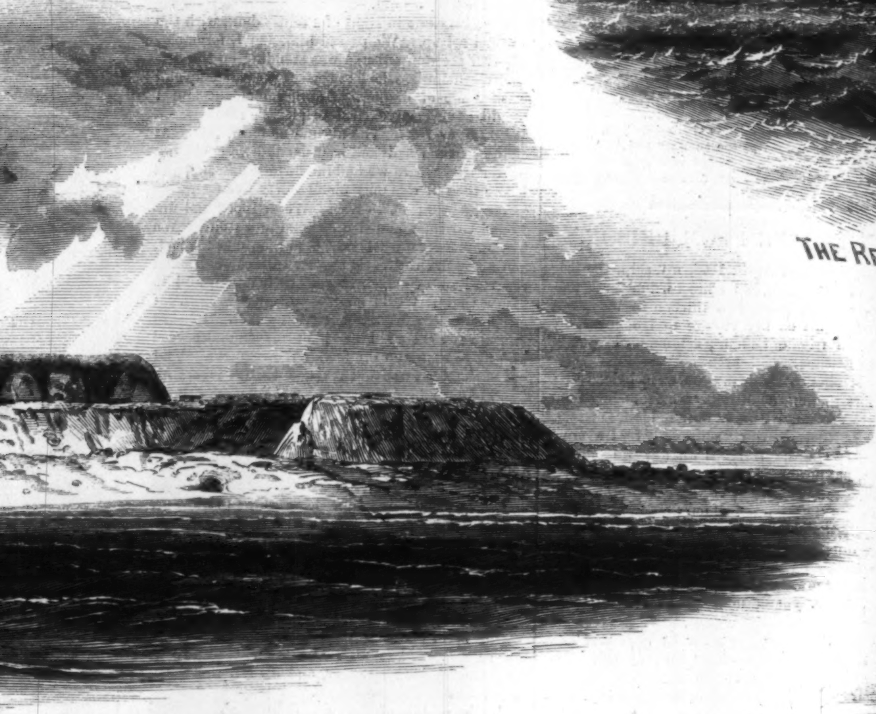
Look-out on Folly Island.

GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND, HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH C

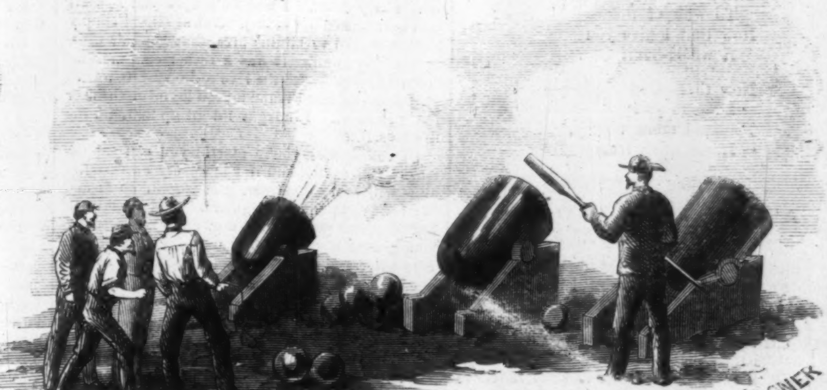
EGE GUNS.



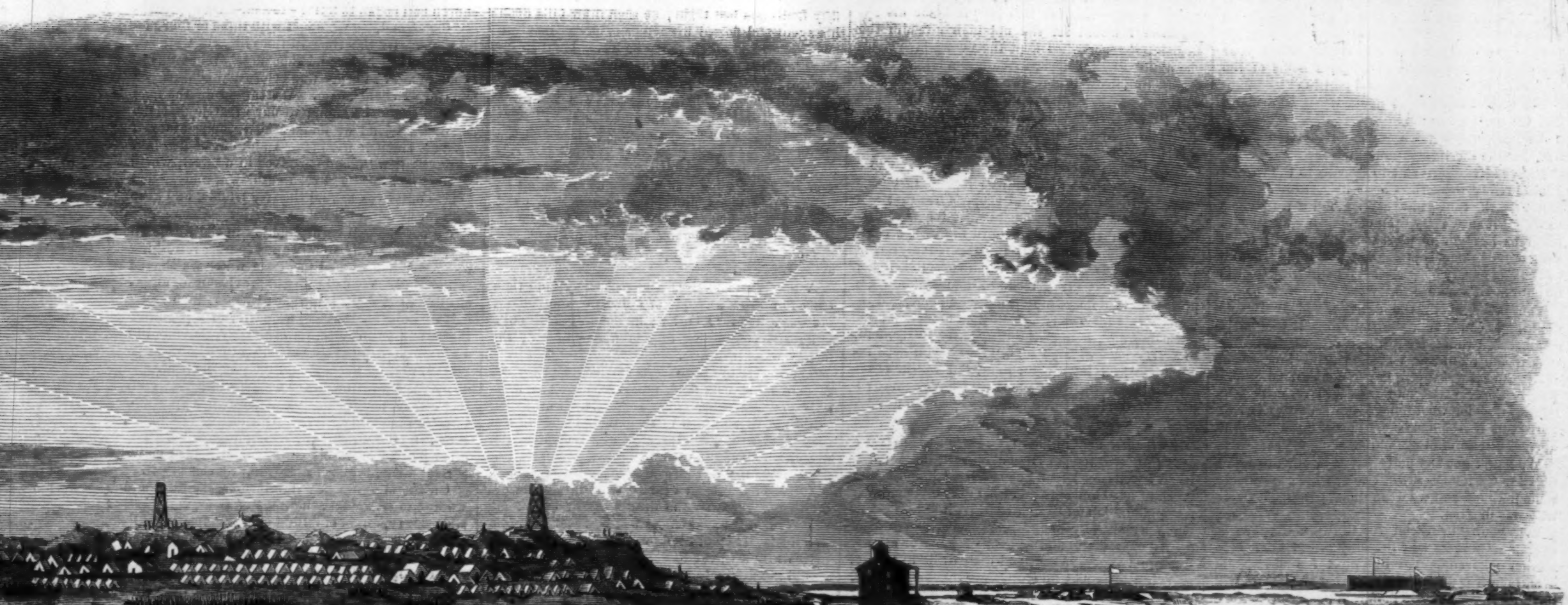
THE REMAINS OF THE KEOKUK.



M THE CHANNEL.



MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE WAGNER.



H CAROLINA.—From a Sketch by an Officer of the Navy.—[See Page 542.]

MY CONFESSION.

Wife! long true to me,
Through good and ill:
Hear my confession,
And love me still!

I was not false, dear,
When, years ago,
Thinking I loved you,
I told you so.

Yet, my gift to you
I lived to see
Was not fair payment
For yours to me.

You did not know it;
You guessed not how
I was your debtor—
As I am now.

I dare not own it,
This later day,
Were I not able
Some part to pay.

Watching together
Here, by this bed,
Where, softly pillowed,
Lies one bright head;

Smiling together
On other face,
Pressed to your bosom—
Its rightful place.

Thus, dear, I venture
To whisper this—
Now that I give you
A whole-heart kiss.

Now that—God helping—
I am to you
Husband more worthy,
Lover more true.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Friend Wales,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Princess Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin buildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the *Alobarmy*, manetanes a nootrol position!

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifisses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifiss my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as any body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caused sum squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallandiggum, who is Conservativ, and who was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogus if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this draft bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscrips in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin' on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' all sides; but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, howsever, to have a well-balanced mind; tho' my ideas of a well-balanced mind differs from the ideas of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin dramatic company, & we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particlarly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em sum immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestry, and wishin' to expire to slow moosic, he died playin' on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providenee which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

But to return to our subjeck. With our resunt grate triumps on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them is waters no Father need feel 'shamed of—twig the wittikism?), and the cheerin' look of things in other places, I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N. H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin' you is to giv you sum adwice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizniss I've had over thirty years experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connection therewith. Not knowings what that air and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much flustrated. But I never injoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can git half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenst trainin' her I instituoted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abanding'd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may objeck to gittin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodiss. I regret to obsarve that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. *I* allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter, who is goin' on 17 and is frisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discoverd that I'm a very entertainin' old feller, and they visit us frekently, specially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the proceedins of our State Legislater. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortnilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a draw-bridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin' sent my daughter to bed at half past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understan' he says I go round swindlin' the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continuerd drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble licker concealed about my person. I had sumhow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud woice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy," I continuerd—crackin' the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-rayed to-nite?"

* * * * * * *

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril consekootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of any thin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to giv a woman consid'ble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr. Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door-yard while she was cleanin' house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin' vi'lently; but he said he wanted to giv his wife "a little lee-way." That was 2 mutch. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin' him his mother's Bible. It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could, but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certinty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecoonery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understan' my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respecks to St. Gorge & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy."
A. Ward.

THE FADING PHOTOGRAPH.

It was glossy and brown, and clear and bright.
Oh, her large deep eyes, and her queenly brow,
Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip,
They were true to the life.—I can see them now.

Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars;
There was the lip, so sweet and red;
There was the brow, broad, white, and pure;
And that was the way that she hung her head.

Ten years ago, and now, like our love,
It has faded, as snow in the latter spring;
Through a dreamy cloud I still see her face,
But day by day it is vanishing.

Alas! it was bleached by the cruel sun,
Blurred and spotted, and pale and faint,
Till it looks like the ghost of our by-gone love,
Or the phantom face of some dying saint.

'Tis strange that love, that is God's own gift,
Should fade away like the summer rose,
And this poor frail thing be left as a type
Of that flower of the heart that should never close.

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

In the month of April, 1803, my ship, the brig *Rachel*, of Liverpool, two hundred and forty tons burden, sixteen guns, and thirty-five men, was captured, while on her voyage to Honduras, by the French frigate *Valliant*, commanded by one Captain Etienne.

On arriving at Bordeaux we were lodged in a filthy fort, and on the fifth day we commenced our march to Verdun, five or six hundred miles distant, each of us receiving thirty sous a day for traveling expenses. On the thirty-sixth day we entered Verdun, having made an average march of eighteen miles a day. At the citadel the commandant took a careful description of our persons, we signed our parole, and, having had billets given us on the various inns, were turned loose into the town.

The détenus lodged at the different inns and shops in the town employed themselves chiefly in gambling. A young man named J——, having just come into a large legacy, tried to break the bank, but eventually lost all he had, besides a large sum he borrowed from the bankers. The governor, hearing of this, shut him up in the Tour d'Angoulême, hoping that his friends would send and discharge his debts; but they left him to his bread and water. Another poor young fellow, surgeon of a gun-brig that had run ashore off Dunkirk, lost all his money; he borrowed a rouleau of fifty Louis and lost them; he then drew bills upon his agent and forged his senior officer's signature as indorser, and all these too he lost. He then invited his friends to a grand supper, and next morning was found dead in bed—he had poisoned himself; an empty laudanum-bottle was upon the table, labeled, "The Cure for all Diseases;" scattered near it were scraps of paper on which the poor fellow had been practicing Captain B.'s signature.

A friend of mine was a constant speculator on the red and black, and got very much in debt. One night he made a great coup and won, he instantly scooped up the money, put it in his pocket, ran out and knocked up his creditors, and paid every soul of them.

A purser's clerk lost a month's pay, and then tried to borrow a couple of crowns of the banker. He was asked for security; he instantly took out a knife and cut off the lobe of his right ear; the money was given him.

There were but few deaths among the prisoners. Among those who died, however, were the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweedale. Permission could not be obtained to send their bodies to England. There was also a young Westmoreland doctor who had run over to France just for a few days, and, the war breaking out, was detained. He died of a broken heart. One day, while out bathing, I came on the dead body of one of my countrymen, a naval officer who had just been shot in a duel. He had been forced to the field against his will by a threat to deprive him of his rank if he did not fight.

Wearied at last of this idle and profitless life, I determined to make my escape with three friends. It was first necessary that we should not injure our bondsmen by breaking our parole; but before guarding against this we bought maps, gimlets, small lock saws, knapsacks, and oil-skin capes. We then collected a quantity of small rope, and bound it round our bodies under our clothes; the saws we hid in the crowns of our hats. We then staid out beyond the prescribed time, and, as we had expected, were ordered up into the citadel (convent) for several days' confinement.

About five o'clock I descended the stairs leading from the citadel and the adjoining church, and bored holes with a gimlet all round the panels of the door, then with my knife cut it all through but one corner: I then filled the nicks with tallow and sprinkled ashes over it. This took me about half an hour. All this time one of my friends guarded the stairs. We went to bed at eight, and at ten the gens d'armes visited the rooms, as they were compelled to do every two hours. As soon as they were gone I called my three friends and stole down. To my horror, the panel, instead of breaking quietly off, made a noise like a pistol, but it luckily caused no alarm. I, and King, and Innis were through in a moment, but Alison (a purser), a big man, stuck fast, and kept crying out lustily, "Pull, pull!" we eventually pulled him through. Then crossing the church we climbed up one of the windows by the iron bars, but found the tracery too small to let us through. Then groping about for another place, we upset a clothes-horse (the church had been turned into a store-room), and this made a fearful noise; the dogs barked and the guard turned out; but we were not discovered.

Soon after all was quiet. We mounted an altar on the left side of the choir, and finding a part of a window without glass or bars, dropped quietly some six feet into the convent garden. We had then a tiled wall to surmount. We got up by means of a rail, and unroofed a place, unobserved by a neighboring sentinel. As the church clock struck one, the last of us descended and walked across the green in the direction of the general's house, then unoccupied. To our astonishment, we almost ran against a sentinel, but he was probably a new conscript and frightened, for he challenged us, but gave no alarm. We darted into the general's garden, Innis foremost. He leaped over a wall three feet high, expecting the fall to be trifling, but he found that he had to drop twenty feet. He then called out to us softly, to ease ourselves down: which we did.

We soon came in sight of a sentry-box, with the sentinel asleep. We passed him, and I, foremost, got over the rampart and was standing on the cordon, when Innis, who had better eyes, came up and warned me of danger. Another moment and I should have been dashed to pieces; there was a fall of sixty feet. The night was dark, the sight of the sentinel had confused us, and we could not see the spot where we had intended to descend, and where the fall was only about thirty-five feet.

We had no time to lose. We stripped and unwound our rope, and tied one end to a stone. We had previously drawn lots which should be the last, and I had drawn it. When my turn came, I found the cord so stretched, so smoothed down, and so slimy, that it would not support my weight. I fell flat on my back about twenty feet. I heard Alison say: "He is killed;" but I soon undeceived him by jumping on my feet. We then scrambled out of the dry fosse and reached a wood where we had hid our stores. Just as I was stooping to open my knapsack, I fainted, but soon recovered. Alison, too, had hurt his ankles in falling, and could scarcely stand. After having eaten and drunk, we took some sleep, and as soon as it was daylight penetrated further into the wood. About five we heard the gun, a signal for the peasants to hunt us. About ten we heard voices and a rustling among the bushes, but no one came very near us. Innis, who was a doctor, as soon as all was quiet, bled Alison's ankles and examined my back.

Here we lay four days, the first two fine, the last two continual rain. The third night I was better, and able to go with Innis two miles to fill our canteens at a rivulet. On the fifth night Alison's ankles grew stronger, and we left the wood, and pushed on to the Meuse.

In the middle of the river there was land, connected by bridges with an island on either side. We passed through one, where every one seemed asleep; but as we stepped on the first bridge the church bell began to toll the tocsin. On approaching the second, we were met with three or four pistol-shots. By this time all the villagers were up, sounding their horns and shouting. What was to be done? The enemy was before and behind, and none of us could swim. We turned off the road and ran along the bank; to our great joy, at the end of the island we found a boat, jumped into it, and in a moment were across and out of hearing. At daylight we found ourselves in a forest, where all the brushwood had been cut down, and we had to hide ourselves behind the tree trunks, and keep a bright look-out till dark.

We marched all night, and lay in the woods all day, suffering only from want of clear, refreshing water. When we had plenty of water we shaved and washed. We had brought provisions for eighteen days. A day's allowance was one inch and a half of Bologna sausage, a quarter of a pound of bread, and two mouthfuls of brandy, measured in a shaving-brush case. Our sleep by day was disturbed, first by the cold and then by the heat.

By the help of our maps we kept in a pretty direct course, never entering a house, nor speaking to more than two persons. One directed us round the town of Toul, without asking a question. The other invited us to his cottage, and guided us for several miles, taking us for runaway conscripts.

On the eleventh day it rained incessantly, and we had to sit against the roots of trees, cold, wet, and hungry, afraid of falling over precipices. Alison's ankles began to fail him again, and he had grown thin from pain and fatigue. That night we started sooner than usual, though not until near dark. About half past ten we entered the small town of Charmes, thinking the rain would keep the inhabitants indoors. On passing a corner a gendarme demanded our passports. Innis, who knew French perfectly, coolly produced some letters from his bankers, and declared they were the new sort of passports issued at Paris. Just as we thought we had safely humbugged him, in came a brigadier, and good-humoredly said, "Ah, gentlemen, I am glad to see you; I have been expecting you for above a week;" and then pulling out a paper, read our names and descriptions. Finding ourselves caught, we made the best of it, and invited the brigadier and gendarme to share some dinner. The gendarme told us that he had been in bed, but that, having been sent by his wife to the apothecary, he had been talking with some acquaintance, who kept him until we had happened to come up.

The next day we were sent back to Verdun, where all our friends were waiting to receive us. We were instantly put into the Tour d'Angoulême and searched. They cut open our buttons to search for money, and took away our knives, razors, and pocket-handkerchiefs. But they did not leave me so bare as they imagined, for I kept five double Louis sewn inside my flannel waistcoat, and one under the arm of my coat. We were ironed and shut up in the round tower.

A few days after we were sent to Bitche: ten leagues north of Strasburg, a fortress situated upon a rock in the midst of a valley. In the little sou-

terrain we found twenty Englishmen, chiefly masters of merchant ships, and midshipmen, and, in the contiguous grand souterrain, about one hundred and seventy British seamen. My companions here were the sweepings of the sweepings—all the most violent and dissolute of the prisoners from Verdun—smugglers, gamblers, duelists, and thieves.

Few attempts to escape from Bitche had succeeded; the walls were so lofty, the guard so good. A ship's carpenter, who escaped and was taken trying to swim over the Rhine with his son, a little boy, on his back, was brought to the grand souterrain. He had not been in long before he again attempted to escape. He one night forced two wooden doors, and undermined one or two iron doors. On the awful night when the last door was to be passed a spy informed the commandant. Just as three prisoners had stepped through, the gens d'armes in waiting fired on them, and then cut them down with their sabres. The carpenter and a companion were killed; the third jumped back through the door and escaped. His son was afterward one of four daring boys who descended an angle of the citadel at Verdun without a rope, but were recaptured, brought back, and whipped.

On another occasion an Italian prisoner hid himself in the cavern well of the prison, three hundred feet deep; he escaped, but was recaptured and sent to the galleys.

Another time Lieutenant Essel and five sailors escaped through a grating which they had loosened, having previously made a rope out of their linen. Unfortunately, just as they were in the embrasure about to descend, the sergeant of the rounds came by and fell over the rope they had fastened. In their alarm they went down the rope too rapidly and too near together, and it snapped. The lieutenant was dead before he could reach the bottom, having struck against a jutting rock. Only one midshipman could move away, and he was recaptured in the morning. Yet, although the four had dropped ninety feet, only one man's leg was broken.

As the winter approached I, and Innis, and Alison commenced making preparations for a second attempt. We purchased coarse linen, and made it up during the night into rope. The barrack in which we were confined had two fronts, with a wall running lengthwise through the centre, the staircases on opposite sides communicating by doors which were locked. The one side was strongly guarded, but on the other no sentinels were placed till eight o'clock at night. As soon as it was dark (on the 20th of November) we forced open the inner lock, and then tried to cut out the clamp by which the outer clasp was secured; but our knives making little impression, we put a stiff piece of iron within and across the keyhole of the box-lock, to which we fastened the end of a strong cord. Twelve of us then got hold of it, and, pulling all together, open it flew. All this time we kept shouting, to prevent the five gens d'armes who lived in the room below hearing us. A working-party then ascended the stairs, while those in the room below kept up the noise. After a long and fruitless attempt we found the gimlet too small; we therefore went to bed brooding over our certain removal to the dungeon the next morning. Rising early, a thought struck me. I filled up the gimlet-holes with tallow and ashes; then, boring holes where the nails of the clamp had been, I tied the clamp on again and shut the door. It was a dark, foggy morning, and the gendarme never detected the state of the clamp. Next day we got a large gimlet from an English gentleman who was on parole in the town.

The night we chose was one to our mind. It blew hard, with sleet and snow. In the evening, directly after muster, we placed ourselves in a row along both stairs to pass the alarm if any thing happened. One of us, with an axe, started all the nails at the bottom of the door, and cut through the last plank. Once at the bottom of the stairs, we darted across, and fastened our rope to a stone in one of the embrasures. We descended with great rapidity a distance of about ninety feet, lacerating our hands with the rope, which we had bound with hard twine. The drawbridge was still down; we crossed it, and divided into three parties. We had scarcely cleared the town before the gun fired to give the alarm. We made for the first wood, and walked till five o'clock, when we sat down to rest, uncertain whether we were going right or wrong.

At daybreak I found I was the only man who had the full use of his hands. Some of the party had their fingers cut to the bone; others had scarcely any whole skin remaining on the palms of their hands. I was surgeon. I cut off strips from their shirts, and bound up their wounds. We had only half a loaf and a bladder of brandy. Alison had had a ham, which he had tried to bring down the wall in his teeth, but it fell and was lost. At night, cold, hungry, and benumbed, we reached the small town of Niederbrun, where one of our party was taken ill, and we had to venture into a lonely wine-house, where the heat of the stove made us all ill, and took away our appetites. We hired a guide, and went on till we came to a village, where we paid a crown to two men thrashing by candlelight, to conceal us under the straw for a few hours. We lay unmolested for an hour, when a man and woman discovered us, called us thieves, and roused the village; but we escaped.

Next day, as we were going along, cold, lame, and hungry, we met a douanier, and gave him fifteen Louis to take us across the Rhine. As we were crossing a bridge twenty or thirty armed men ran out at us. All of us were captured but Innis and myself, who were taken a few hours after, just as we were unchaining a boat to cross the Rhine. The surgeon who dressed our hands told us that they would have mortified if exposed much longer to the weather.

On our return the commandant accused us of ingratitude, and of breaking our parole. Then ordering us sternly down to the petit souterrain, he said:

"I have been hitherto a lamb, but you will now find me a tiger."

Our place of confinement was a room about twenty-five feet by ten, having a guard bed running the whole length. The passage to the room was guarded by two doors, and the entrance into it by other two, the wall being four feet thick. We soon found that the room above us was unoccupied, and had no bars to the window. Our difficulties were, however, now four-fold.

How to get to the window!

How to descend from the window by the tin spout which was in the roof, and projected two feet from the wall!

How to elude the sentinel who paced round the tower!

How to descend quietly, so as not to awaken the jailer, who slept under us, and whose window we should have to pass!

Our plans were soon made. We cut up sheets, blankets, shirts, trowsers, and towels. Our friends smuggled in needles, thread, and linen almost daily. My companions were now anxious to be off; but I, having the master-instrument (the gimlet), obliged them to wait my pleasure, and stay till I had raised twenty-one Louis in the town and paid my debts.

Our rope, reinforced by a last pair of new sheets, was now one hundred and forty feet long, and we were ready. We took the precaution, this time, of covering the upper end with strips of an old brown coat, as its whiteness had on the last occasion caught the sergeant's eye when he went round to post the sentinels.

The 12th of February being a *good* night, that is, squally and dark, we resolved to start. That morning we laid in a good store of beef-steaks and brandy, and wished our friends good-by. When all was quiet we began by sticking a mattress against the window to prevent the light being seen; we then piled the rest of the mattresses one upon another, and began to break down the ceiling with an old poker.

The dust nearly smothered us, and when we got through the plaster we found, instead of laths, oak battens and beams eighteen inches square. Then came the floor of the next story, which was of three-inch oak, with knots so hard that they twisted the gimlet. At about ten we heard the jailer unlock the outer door; this seemed to turn us to stone; but it was a false alarm, for he was only going to bed. After giving him a reasonable time to compose himself we recommenced, when our saw broke in one of the mortises. We sat down in despair, when all of a sudden Innis leaped up and cried, "Where are the pieces? I am not going to give up in this way!" With the help of his knife, a piece of wood, and some twine, he contrived a handle, to our great joy, which answered the purpose. At three in the morning, after nine hours' hard and unceasing labor, the last stroke was given, and the way made clear.

The affecting part of the concern came next: we had to part with two of our sick companions. It was painful to us, but what must it have been to them!

The parting over, we scrambled through the hole, and our enterprise began.

Arrived in the upper room we had a clear view of the two sides of the building. It was a dark wild morning, blowing wild and squally, and by a break in the clouds we could see the distant sentry snug in his box.

The first of us who went down carried the rope with two pieces of iron to stick in the walls to keep it firm. It was Alison, the heaviest; but the spout held firm and made no noise. One of those who remained threw down the rope when we were all safe, and the last man threw it over the wall. In the course of a few minutes we found ourselves safe at the bottom of the second rampart. Our first descent had been seventy or eighty feet; our second, forty or forty-five. We now began to congratulate each other on being clear of the fort without having hurt a hair of our heads.

But we had not proceeded more than forty yards when we came to another rampart, and then Wheelan (one of our party) suddenly remembered that there were three ramparts, and bursting into tears, said, "And this is the very place where Davis broke his thigh last year;" but still he could not remember the height. Determining to go on and make a leap in the dark we cut off about nine feet of rope. It was agreed that the two last should hold the rope for the others, and that their predecessors, if safe, should catch the others and break their fall. After three had landed Alison begged me to let him go before me and I consented. I in my turn arrived safe. Wheelan, who came last, fell and broke his tendon Achilles.

Poor fellow! He begged that we would carry him up to the fort gate, but we were in the situation of soldiers on the field of battle; we had no time to mourn fallen companions, but had to push on or be vanquished. We could do no more than place him in an easy position, shake him by the hand, and wish him good-by.

On looking round we were surprised and hurt to find two of our party gone, and much more so when Alison told us that they had tried to persuade him and Innis to go with them, saying they were safe, and why should they risk waiting for the others? We were now in the ditch; we ran along it until we came to a flight of steps leading to the glacis; on arriving at the top we made straight for the mountains. At daybreak we scrambled up a hill, and, sighting a small wood between two roads, made for it. We saw people pass and repass the whole day, but we still lay there undisturbed, although we could hear the signal-gun, and knew we were not yet more than five miles from the fort.

As soon as it was dark we came to a village which, by the number of lights, seemed to be a large one. We tried to get round it, but in doing so Alison fell, first into a quarry and then down a declivity. Fearing to make any further attempts we waited until midnight in an old roofless building, and while we were there it rained heavily. When all was quiet, and the lights were out, we entered the village, which was knee-deep in mud. We had not got far when a dog barked. This brought a man out and he blew his horn, so we ran across a swampy common, and followed the course of a large river till we came to a wood where we slept till daylight.

During the next forenoon we skirted the wood, looking for a lone house, and at last found one. Just at dark we went up to it and found a man in the court-yard dressing a pig. Inside was another man, who told us we could have some wine; he recognized Alison, and said: "But you are from Bitche, I heard the gun yesterday morning." We did not deny it, but he cheered us up and promised not to betray us; and he bade us go up stairs lest any of the forest guards should come in. All that his house afforded he brought out in a frank open way, and for six crowns lent us his own servant as a guide.

Next day we rested under a cliff in a fir wood where, except some goats with bells round their necks, there was nothing to disturb us. The same night we ascended one of the Vosges mountains in a dreadful thunder-storm, and with the rain bursting down like a water-spout. Finding no cover we had to make a gigantic effort for tired men and scramble to the summit.

Alison, a robust man standing six feet high, and able to take a chair in his teeth and throw it over his head, was here seized with a fever and unable to go further, so we sat by him, though we heard voices all round us. In a little while two woodmen approached, told us there was no fear of gens d'armes, lighted us a fire, and went and got Alison some soup, and the rest some bread and wine. Alison having revived, one of these honest fellows offered to see us out of the mountains. He procured us a man at midnight, who, for six francs, offered to guide us through the adjoining village, which was half a mile long, intersected by two rivers, and close to the Rhine. To our great joy we got through unmolested, without even a dog barking. That night we slept in a swamp on beds made of branches that we tore down from the trees. We were by this time so accustomed to fatigue that we slept soundly in this horrible place, although it rained hard all night.

Our new guide did all he could to terrify us, declaring that every horseman he met was a gendarme, and demanding his money beforehand. Next day another guide took us across the Rhine on a sort of raft made of five boards, and, after a fresh demand for crowns, we leaped ashore in Baden about five leagues below Strasburg. This was the seventh day since we left Bitche, yet in direct distance we were not yet more than twelve leagues from the fortress.

We now (with seven Louis in our pockets) commenced our march of four hundred miles through an enemy's country. Unfortunately we had forgotten the names of all the places between the Rhine and Ulm, for which place we were bound; but at last, after many inquiries, we hit upon a direct route.

In the Black Forest we came to a wine-house, and were startled at seeing a number of carbines hanging up belonging to the forest guard. For fear of exciting suspicion, we did not retreat, but staid and took a meal, though we observed on the wall a decree of Napoleon ordering the Baden people to arrest all persons traveling without passports.

At night we stopped at a small village, and a Frenchman, who took us for countrymen, obtained us beds, but, to our great disappointment, they were German cushion-beds, and the heat of the feathers kept us awake nearly all night. In the morning we told the Frenchman what we were, and, as he saw us out of the village, he warned us that it was safer passing as Englishmen than Frenchmen, as his countrymen were hated in Germany. He advised us to avoid the Wurtemburg main roads, as they were infested by the landwehr, who stopped travelers who had no passports. At a house, where some peasants in their best clothes were merry-making (for it was Sunday), we obtained a guide, who led us across the frontier into Wurtemburg. After a walk of six miles, he took us to the house of a friend, a good-natured, jocose fellow, with whom we were soon at home. He brought out plenty of wine, and, not understanding us clearly, sent for a lively French lad. We told him we were going to join the French army at Ulm, and wanted to know the shortest way. He at first wanted to go to the mayor of the village for a guide, but eventually, at our request, obtained a map for us, to mark down the villages, by which we might avoid the great military road; for we knew that we were only a few days in advance of the French army that was advancing to attack Austria.

Next night we slept at the house of a fine open-hearted Frenchman, to whom we at once told our secret. He told us we were quite right to pass as his countrymen, for the peasants, we should find, would be civil to us through fear. And this we found to be true, for we were never asked what we were, or whence we came. Here we had our shirts washed for the first and last time during our journey. On parting the Frenchman gave us certificates, such as the itinerant German mechanics use, but we had no faith in them, and when we got out of sight of him threw them away.

Our next guide promised to lead us round a town, but we got into a lane whose entrance had been lately built up, and we were obliged to clamber over a high wall, in sight of a hundred windows. Fortunately it was raining hard and no one observed us. Next day, in a heavy fall of snow, we crossed the Danube, and then walked along the banks of the river Iller, till we came near to Biberach.

We had now no retreat, for the river was on one side of us and the mountain on the other. Still, in despair, we pushed on, trembling, and found a narrow carriage-road, that led round the ramparts. Turning a corner, we saw a guard-house with its window staring full at us. A man seeing us, came out and posted himself in the middle of the road.

"This," said we, "is our last day's march; this fellow is sure to stop us; but let us show a good face and go boldly on."

We did so, walking in a careless dare-devil way, and he did not say a word, though we felt much inclined to run. In a little time we came to an unguarded bridge, and crossed the Iller, and coming to the junction of two roads, one leading to Augsburg and one to Memmingen, chose the latter.

Alison's stamina now began to fail. The once fat, robust man, was now a scarecrow; his coat hung loose upon him; his hat, soaked with rain, drooped over his ears; his frame was bent double; and he had to use a stick to support himself. Innis and I, unable to bear his complaints and piteous moans, generally kept a good way before him. Often at twilight, when we drew near a village, his haggard eyes brightened up, and he would say:

"Now we have made an excellent day's march. We must sleep here."

And as often we were pained to say:

"No, Alison, we must go on another stage."

Then his eyes would resume their languor, and moaning he would droop behind. Happily his sleep and appetite never forsook him; and he always rallied in the morning. Otherwise we must have left the poor fellow to his fate, for our funds would admit of no resting day.

Next day a woman refused us a lodging for fear of the landwehr, as we had no passports. We slept at a small pot-house, and next morning an honest German offered to guide us to Memmingen. It was a fearful morning, the snow coming down in large flakes, the cold keen east wind cutting our faces till they bled. We had to be our own pioneers. We could hardly trace our way through the drifts that were sometimes up to our knees. Our German was affable and friendly, and manifested no curiosity. He would scarcely believe us when we told him we were escaped English prisoners; but when he was convinced, he declared we must accompany him to his house at Kempten. But at the post-house they warned us not to go there, as the passes in the Tyrol were blocked with snow, and they were strict about passports at Memmingen.

The day we crossed the Wurtemberg frontier the cold had detained the gens d'armes round the fire (as we supposed), and we passed a long covered bridge over the Iller without hindrance. A league further we saw the gates of Memmingen, and here we had to experience the pain of parting with our kind German.

Avoiding Landsberg by walking across fields, dangerously deep in snow, we crossed a river on planks, and coasted Munich; and here Alison's legs almost entirely failed. We supported him for six weary miles, and then reached a village where we got comfortable lodgings, rubbed his legs with soft-soap and brandy, and put him to bed.

We had now to skirt Wasserburg, the last fortified town in Bavaria; but Alison broke down in crossing a swampy marsh, and six hours more of incessant toil and climbing entirely prostrated him. We rested and dined, and Alison exerted all his eloquence to detain us; but we knew the next post-house, seven miles off, was on the Bavarian frontier, and we wanted all next day to elude the outposts. We gave him an hour and a half to rest. A few yards, however, and he dropped; nature was exhausted.

"Stay by me or leave me," he said; "I can not go a step further."

A sledge coming by at the moment, I asked the driver to give a poor unfortunate worn-out traveler a ride. "I will give you all one," he said, and drove us to the frontier.

"Here, by the landlord's advice, we took a sledge, hoping to brazen it out with the police. We were stopped; but we passed ourselves off as Americans returning home from Barcelona by Trieste, who had thrown away our passports. Innis handed in a forged American letter, and we were all allowed to pass. This was a miraculous escape.

On reaching the Austrian frontier we jumped out of the carriage and claimed protection as Englishmen. After a toilsome march among enemies for twenty-two days, we were now safe, and were sent guarded to Saltzburg, where our two companions who had deserted us at Bitche joined us. The police director there gave us passports as Americans.

Unable to raise money at Saltzburg, we met at the inn an Austrian general of engineers, who lent us seven pounds; we had now spent our last sixpence. We left Alison there, and pushed across the mountains to Trieste, two hundred and eighty miles distant. The roads were choked with snow, the Carinthian people rude and inhospitable. Everywhere the same incessant demand for passports. My shoes were by this time worn out; our legs began to swell, and our feet to burn like coals. But for the want of shoes we should have been as fresh as when we started, for our feet had never blistered, nor had we lost much flesh.

As soon as we got near Trieste we went into an inn to shave, brush, and wash, for we looked like tramps. Our faces were dirty brown, our hats brimless, our hair long and tangled, our shirts seventeen days from the laundress, our pantaloons incrusted with mud, our stockings trodden away, our shoes tied to our feet, our gaiters in rags, and our coats looking as if they had been stolen from scarecrows.

At three o'clock on the seventh day from Saltzburg, and at the two hundred and eightieth mile, we saw Trieste lying below us with all its shipping and the free blue sea. After our tedious march of thirty days we sat down to contemplate the shipping and realize God's goodness and our freedom.

Then to carry out our old prison proverb, "Down the hill to Trieste," we marched with light hearts into the town to the British consul, and to our delight met Alison, quite recovered and in good spirits. We rigged ourselves out, and in three days started for Malta in an Austrian brig. We reached Malta in twenty days, and in two days more the Governor, the excellent Sir Alexander Ball, gave us passages home on board H.M.S. *Lucifer*.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—DRAWING RATIONS.

MAJOR-GENERAL STONEMAN.—[Photographed by Brady.]

GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK.—[From a Photograph.]

OUR CAVALRY OFFICERS.

On this page we publish portraits of four leading cavalry officers of the Army of the Potomac, Generals Stoneman, Pleasonton, Buford, and Kilpatrick. At the outbreak of the war cavalry was little thought of. General Scott pointedly discouraged its use. We have learned better since then; and now our cavalry is one of the most esteemed arms of the service, and its leaders among the most popular officers of the army.

Major-General George Stoneman, head of the new Cavalry Bureau at Washington, was born in this State about the year 1826. He entered West Point in 1842, and, on graduating, was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the First Dragoons. He does not appear to have taken part in the Mexican war; but during the fifteen years of peace which ensued he acquired a high standing in his profession, and was deemed by his comrades an excellent cavalry officer. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed, on 9th May, 1861, Major in the Fourth Cavalry. In August of the same year when M'Clellan undertook to create the Army of the Potomac, he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and took charge of a brigade. He was subsequently transferred to the cavalry arm of the service; and when the Army of the Potomac undertook the Peninsular Campaign he was appointed to the chief command of all its cavalry. His services during that campaign were conspicuous, and raised him high in public esteem. We believe that he went nearer to Richmond than any other man in the army. In the campaign in Maryland, and that under Burnside, he commanded a corps, giving continued satisfaction to the President and the people. Last spring he performed a feat which cast all the famous raids of the rebel Stuart into the shade. He rode round Lee's army, destroying their communications with Richmond, and some of his men actually went within two miles of the rebel capital. A dispute between General Hooker and General Stoneman for a time kept the latter in the back-ground; but as he has lately been appointed to the management of the new Cavalry Bureau at Washington he must continue to enjoy the favor and confidence of the Government.

General Alfred Pleasonton, one of the most gallant cavalry officers in the army, was born in the District of Columbia about the year 1821, and is consequently about forty-two years of age. He graduated at West Point on 1st July, 1844, and entered the First Dragoons. In November, 1855, he was transferred to the Second Dragoons, and accompanied General Taylor on the expedition to Mexico. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he distinguished himself, and was brevetted in consequence. He obtained his First Lieutenancy in 1849, and his company (in the Second Cavalry) in 1855. At the outbreak of the rebellion the resignation of Southern traitors left the way clear for his obtaining a Majority; and on 16th July, 1862, he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was appointed to the Army of the Potomac, and served throughout the Peninsular campaign with distinction. When General Stoneman took the command of a division, before the battle of Antietam, General Pleasonton succeeded him in command of all the cavalry of the army, and discharged the duty of pressing on Lee's rear in his retreat. He has since filled various cavalry commands in that army with gallantry and success.

General John Buford was born in Kentucky about the year 1827, but removed with his family to Illinois at an early age. He was appointed from

GENERAL BUFORD.—[From a Photograph by Anthony.]

GENERAL PLEASONTON.—[From a Photograph by Anthony.]

that State to West Point, and graduated in 1848, entering the Second Dragoons as Second-Lieutenant. He served in his regiment until the outbreak of the rebellion, when he was transferred to the Inspector-General's Department, with the rank of Assistant Inspector-General. Last year he obtained permission to go on active service, and got a cavalry command in the Army of the Potomac, at the head of which he has greatly distinguished himself. We have illustrated his gallant charges on more than one occasion.

GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK was born in New Jersey about the year 1838, and is consequently about twenty-six years of age. He entered West Point in 1857, and graduated in 1861, entering the First Artillery. Within a week he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and soon afterward obtained leave to accept a Lieutenant-Colonelcy of Volunteers. He was in the Army of the Potomac, and served throughout M'Dowell's and M'Clellan's campaigns, winning the confidence of his superior officers and of his men. His capacity led to his selection to command a regiment of cavalry; and when Stoneman's great raid was undertaken he was given command of one of the brigades. How well he discharged his duty—how daringly he rode through Virginia, destroying the rebel communications and threatening the rebel capital itself—every body still remembers. General Kilpatrick still has a large cavalry command, and is likely to make his name still more famous before the war ends.

CHARLESTON.

WE devote pages 536 and 537 to illustrations of the SIEGE OF FORT WAGNER, from drawings just received from thence. One large picture gives us a general view of MORRIS ISLAND, showing Fort Wagner, Battery Gregg, General Gilmore's Works, his Camp, and Landing-Place, and Admiral Dahlgren's Iron-clad Fleet; other smaller designs illustrate our advanced works, Fort Wagner, hauling guns into position, mortar practice, etc., etc.

We have recorded from week to week the progress of our work before Charleston. By way of explaining the large view of Morris Island we append the following extract from the *Herald* correspondence:

Every morning two or more of the iron-clads move up into position off Wagner, at a distance of from one thousand to one thousand seven hundred yards, and deliver their shot and shell into the rebel work. The firing from Wagner has within the week past become irregular, and almost every time the iron-clads attack it the firing from it ceases in half an hour or forty-five minutes after the commencement. Yesterday only one gun was observable upon the work, and no signs of another could any where be seen. The one gun in sight is a 10-inch rifle, and from it they have made some excellent practice. In the attack on Monday morning last only two shots were fired from Wagner, and both of them struck the *Montauk*, but, as usual, doing no damage. The firing then ceased, and the remainder of the day the fort was silent. The ball, however, is regularly taken up by Battery Gregg (the old Cumming's Point Battery) and Fort Sumter, from both of which excellent firing has been made. In the position usually occupied by the iron-clads during an engagement they are within good range of Sumter; indeed, shots have been fired at them from Fort Moultrie, and not falling very far short. The beach in front of Fort Wagner is cut and scooped up as though a party of navvies had been seeing how irregular they could make it look. The parapet also and casemates of the fort look scarcely like any thing more than heaps of sand, so much have they been torn to pieces by shot and shell.

Although each day more or less firing from the fort is seen, yet it must be nearly untenable, and the fire of the iron-clads for half an hour silences it. Deserters, who were in the fort on the 18th of July, the day of the bombardment and storming, say that the explosion of the eleven and fifteen inch shell was frightful. Burying themselves in the earth, they exploded and dug immense holes, throwing the earth high into the air and over every thing around.

It is but proper to say the *Montauk* has been engaged more hours and thrown more shot and shell, grape and canister, than any other iron-clad. Testimony to the effectiveness of her shots is borne on all hands. Mr. Giraud, the executive officer of the *Montauk*, is known as one of the best shots in the service, and he rarely fails of hitting the object upon which he sights his guns. It is thought he has not lost a dozen shots in the three weeks' duty off Morris Island.

On James Island, over beyond Morris Island, and somewhat in the rear of Fort Johnson, are two new rebel batteries, which have been erected within the last ten days. The result of the firing upon Wagner has shown how probable it is that we shall soon possess and occupy it; and these new batteries are for the purpose of an enfilading fire. They look formidable as batteries, and yesterday they opened, throwing shot on Morris Island, and even near the iron-clads. They probably mount four or six guns each, though of what calibre it is impossible to state.

But General Gilmore is at work as well, and undoubtedly his efforts to possess all of Morris Island will soon be successful. The batteries which he used on the 18th inst., and indeed since, will be superseded by works more extensive, which he is throwing up three hundred yards in advance. These works if not entirely, will soon be completed. Already they are of such magnitude as to excite the wonder and admiration of all beholders. The front of the work extends far up the beach, and can not be more than seven hundred yards from Fort Wagner. It will not surprise some if, when this work is finished, General Gilmore entirely discards Wagner and turns his attention to a more ancient and familiar locality. His batteries, in the centre of Morris Island, cover any approach from James Island, if it was possible to make one from that direction. The lower end of Morris Island is as busy as a work-shop in unloading and transporting guns, carriages, ammunition, and stores. On the shelving beach, under the bluffs, his men are encamped, and morning and evening witness the company drill and the dress parade. The whole extent of the beach is alive from dawn to dusk with the men and horses, who are accomplishing the work from which so much is hoped.

From the new work a wharf has been built out upon the beach, affording quite a depth of water at high tide. This has been constructed under the fire of rebel guns, as all the work has been since the landing on the island.

A letter of the 5th, published in the *Times*, contains the following:

The preparations for renewing the attack on Fort Wagner are progressing as rapidly and favorably as could be desired. There is not an officer or private in the entire Department who is not sanguine of the fall of Fort Wagner on the renewal of the assault. The same buoyant feeling is also shared by the naval officers, many of whom are positive in their belief that Charleston will be in our possession before the close of the summer months. Within the past three days General Gilmore has added numerous and heavy guns to his line of attack, and the unceasing toil day and night of the men upon the trenches indicates that work of a different character will soon commence. It would perhaps be superfluous to add that reinforcements have been arriving at Morris Island since the late fight, so that the strength of the enemy, when the next battle occurs, will be severely tested. These reinforcements are greatly needed, as many of the soldiers who have been digging in the trenches and attending to other duties are completely worn-out from continued exposure and labor.

The public may rest assured that the heavy ordnance now trained and to be trained on Forts Sumner and Wagner will be manned by men who have been educated to the business.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OUT-OF-DOOR GAMESTER AND SUMMER SPORTING REGISTER.

Pedestrianism.—A large assemblage is expected to witness a novel Walking Match against time. An Amateur has backed himself to walk into a Pigeon Pie in less than two minutes.

Archery.—The shooting match for children under eight years of age is to commence in a few days. The targets will be provided with bull's eyes from the nearest sweet shops.

A lady, teaching in a ragged school one Sunday evening, was trying to impress on her class of young city Arabs the duty of thankfulness to Providence; and, to begin at the lowest and most tangible proposition, asked them to mention the pleasures which in the course of the year they enjoyed the most; holidays on some fine neighboring downs being, in her unsophisticated mind, the probable reply to her question, or, at the worst, the good Christmas dinner provided by the guardians of the school. The class, composed of ten or a dozen lads between sixteen and eighteen, all sat very still for a moment in profound cogitation. Then the leader lifted his head, looked the lady straight in the face, and answered, "Cock-fightin', ma'am!"

An Irish piper, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—"Pat, what makes your face so red?" "Plase your Honor, I always blush when I spakes to gintlemen."

An unwilling juryman recently excused himself from serving by a letter, of which the following is a literal copy: "Sir,—As I am a Fauriner and my lengwich Danich I am not ettal compitint of the Englich lengwich to be a Jewry man and my contious du not alow me to geive my openian en wat I do not enderstan—An answer vel obliglit."

ALL RIGHT.—A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out among other exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom. Mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

PLUCK.—A young warrior was observed to be seized with a sudden quaking and shivering all over his body. Whereupon some one asked him what was the matter. "My flesh," replied he, "trembles at the forethought of those dangers whereunto my undaunted heart will certainly carry me."

"Never judge from manners," said Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with."

One of the stories told by Mr. Gough of his experiences, is that of his once being "nearly floored with an H," though it was not so much the misplaced H that hit him as that which accompanied it. He was about to address a large audience on his favorite theme of temperance, and the chairman, a rotund man, undertook to introduce him. Happening to recollect the miracle of Samson getting water from the jaw-bone with which he had slain the Philistines, and thinking to turn it to account, the chairman said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I 'ave the 'onor to introduce to you the distinguished lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough, who will address us on the subject of temperance. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but to-night, as we listen to *h*our friend the *h*orator from *h*over the *h*ocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of Samson repeated, and to be refreshed with water from the jaw-bone of a *h*ass!"

When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step toward wealth.

A highly civilized New Zealander, now a partner in an English commercial house at Sydney, says that in his younger days he was greatly addicted to the use of human flesh; and being a candid and really high-minded man, he admits that although he has now acquired different tastes, the relish with which he partook of cannibal feasts, especially when a young female was served up, is still a matter of a by no means disagreeable recollection to him.

Tompkins considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be blamed; "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

An ill-bred fellow, who had suddenly risen to wealth by some profitable Government contracts, went to the opera, and stood up with his hat on. "We must forgive the man," whispered a wag; "he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat that he doesn't know when to take it off."

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "what made the boat go?" when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

ADVERTISEMENT.—A gentleman with a few hours to spare will be happy to lend them to any body who can't otherwise get a minute to himself.

HOW TO GET INTO A SCRAPE.—Shave with a blunt razor.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge?—Because she is something to *adore*.

Of all the dust thrown in men's eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.

Beef-steaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes need to be hauled over the coals.

"I feel the point, but don't see the joke," as the sheep said to the butcher's knife.

Of all the Percy family the noblest is Percy Vere (persevere), and the most cruel Percy Cute (persecute).

HORTICULTURE FOR LOVERS.—Watching the growth of affection.

A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be no more made a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon her minister called to see her, dressed in his sprucest manner; he ascended the steps and gently drew the bell-handle, when the lady shouted from the entry, "I see you, boy; if I catch you I'll wring your neck!" The frightened gentleman immediately rushed down the steps, through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not called at that house since.

The heart, like a watchman, should confine itself to its regular beat.

A friend inquires whether a man can not *vote* by *telegraph*. This is a question for political *wire-workers* to solve. Our own opinion is that it depends entirely upon the regulations of the *poles*.

THE NEW RIFLE MOVEMENT.

ABLE-BODIED VOLUNTEER. "Hallo, Gawky, my boy! what's all this about?"

INVALID DITTO (*in gasps*). "Oh, I—fact is—shooting the other day at—our Long Range—thought I'd try—Farquharson Position—made a centre, but—dislocated both my—shoulder-blades—concussion of the funny-bone and a crick in my neck ever since!"

For the benefit of the uninitiated we subjoin the practice referred to by our invalid friend:

"THE 'FARQUHARSON POSITION.'—Let a man lie down on his back, cross his legs, and place a rifle butt into his right shoulder, with the barrel resting on the limbs. Having done this, let him bring the left arm round the back of his head and take hold of the butt of the rifle, the left elbow pressed against the head, somewhere on the right lobe, near the bump of 'cautiousness'—no bad quality for a rifle-shot, by-the-way. If a man can do this, not as a gymnastic feat, but easily, so as to make bull's-eyes at 1000 yards in that remarkable attitude, he will be as clever as Mr. Farquharson."

A ten-year-old, who, though ungovernable, calls his father governor, asked his older sister, "Is the governor up stairs, Maria?" "If you mean father, yes." "Well, then, tell him if he wants to speak to me about staying out late of a night, he had better come down and do so now, as I have got an appointment at ten o'clock to supper with the two Miss Sparkles! Be lively, there's a good girl!"

A deceased chief-justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses incredible; and the plaintiffs and defendants are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

Among the Caffres agriculture is considered to be a kind of labor unworthy of a warrior, and is therefore entirely left to the women. When they first saw a plow at work they gazed at it in astonished and delighted silence. At length one of them gave utterance to his feelings: "See how the thing tears up the ground with its mouth! It is of more value than five wives!"

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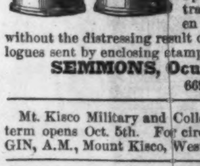

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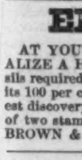

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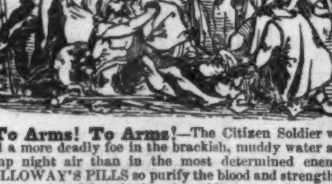

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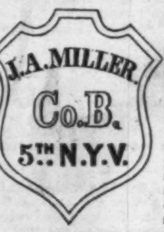

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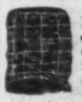

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